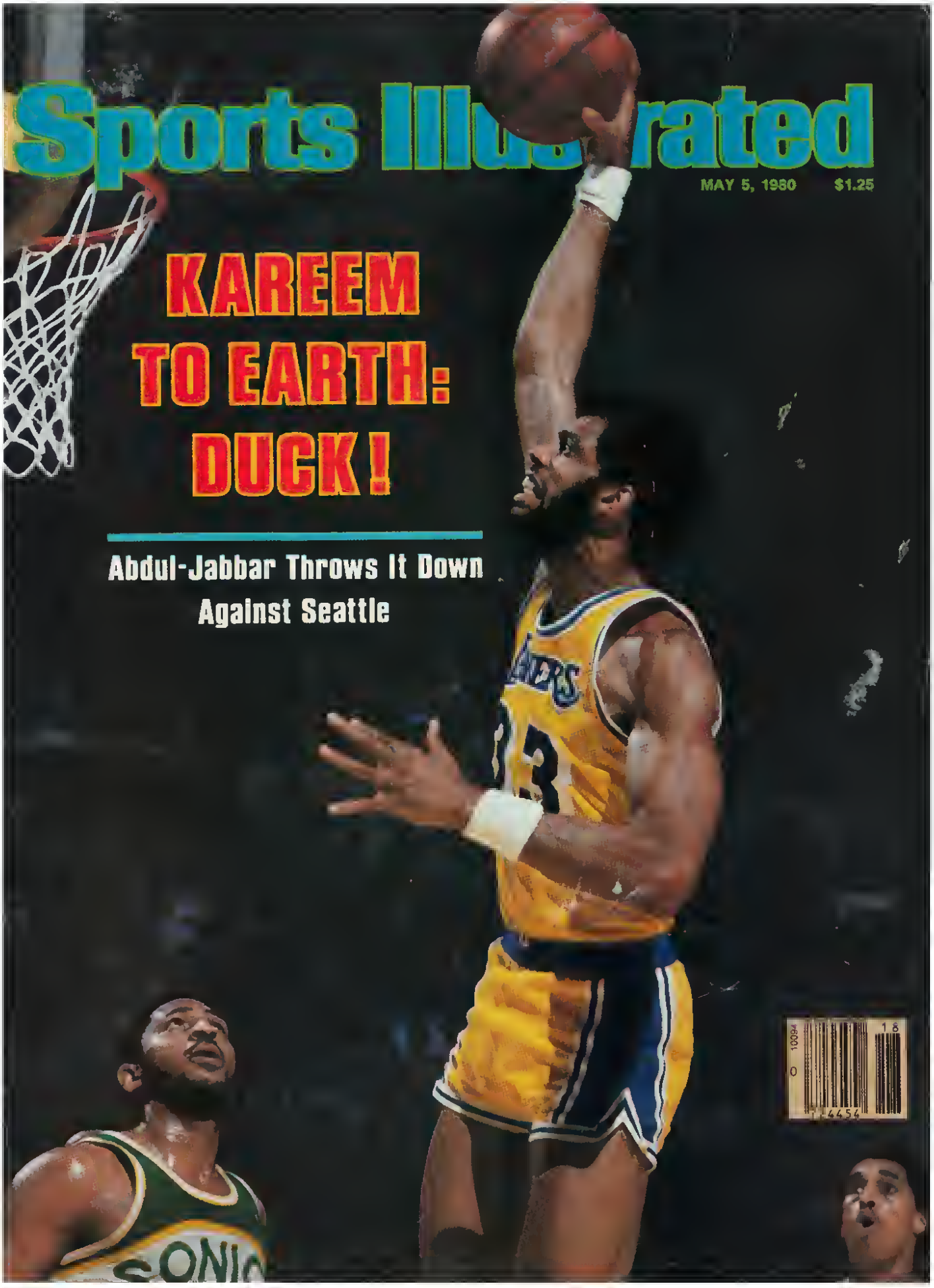

Sports Illustrated
MAY 5, 1980 $1.25
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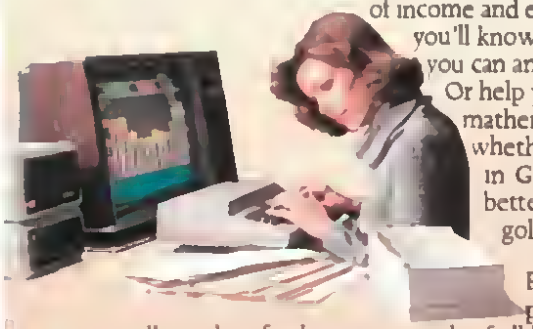
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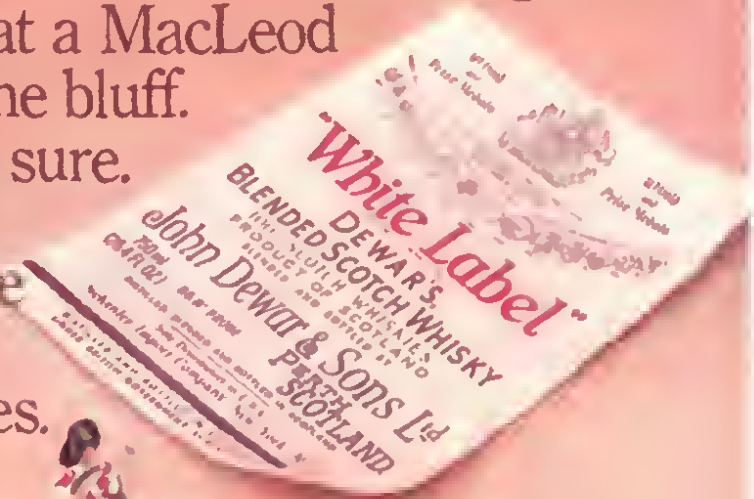
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CONTENTS

MAY 5, 1980 *Volume 52, No. 19*

Cover photograph by Peter Read Miller

NBA Playoffs

In the eyeball-to-eyeball cockpit of the Eastern finals, Philly's Jones Boys caged Larry Bird as the 76ers won in five games **by John Papanek** **16**

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was magnificent for the Lakers, who took a 3–1 lead and put Seattle up against the wall once more **by Bruce Newman** **20**

The Canadiens Are Dead 22

Minnesota wrote finis to Montreal's four-year hold on the Stanley Cup by beating the Habs in Game 7 of the quarterfinals **by Kathy Blumenstock**

Return of the Native 24

A champion at two who had taken his lumps at three, Rockhill Native won the Blue Grass to revive his Kentucky Derby prospects **by William Nack**

Here It Comes, Special Delivery 32

Batters hate facing the sidearm pitches of Reliever Kent Tekulve, but in Pittsburgh he's earned the stamp of approval **by Bob Ottum**

Will This Horse Be a Legend? 38

As unbeaten pacer Niatross eyes the 1980 season, there's talk that he may become a winner of Dan Patchian proportions **by Douglas S. Looney**

Whither the Earth? 70

The Environmental Decade is past, but is environmentalism passé? A report on the inroads made by the energy crisis **by Jerry Kirshenbaum**

The Departments

Scorecard	11	Diving	61	19th Hole	86
Show Jumping	44	Golf	67	*Credits on page 85*	
Baseball	50	For the Record	85		

Next Week

HOMETOWN HERO Rockhill Native could win. So could the misspelled speedster, Plugged Nickle, or that odd couple of Jaklin Klugman and Jack Klugman, or any horse in the best balanced Kentucky Derby field in years. Bill Leggett reports.

THE THRILL THAT BEATS THEM ALL, says New England Tight End Russ Francis, isn't catching a TD pass or playing in a Pro Bowl or maybe even winning a Super Bowl. No, it's skydiving, which E.M. Swift watched Francis do en route to a pig roast.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Exactly 18 years ago, on the cover date of this issue, Anita Verschoth arrived in New York City from Germany at what was then called Idlewild Airport. Idlewild has since become John F. Kennedy Airport. What Anita has become is an invaluable SI writer-reporter and an American citizen—on July 5, 1978 she went down to the Federal courthouse in lower Manhattan and took the oath of allegiance.

Verschoth arrived in the U.S. with one suitcase, having resignedly abandoned her portable record player at the Cologne airport when Lufthansa declared it too big to carry on and too fragile to check. But she did have a lead on a job with this American magazine, and while she wasn't sure it would work out, she did hope that, as an unabashed sports nut in three languages—German, French and English—she could make it at SI.

This anniversary note is to report that she has, resoundingly. Verschoth is now one of the heavy hitters on our reporting staff, over the years having developed areas of specialization that take her right around the calendar. In winter, she covers speed skating and skiing—even unto performing an acceptable, if wobbly, *wedeln* on intermediate slopes—and in summer she switches to track and field. When not busy with those sports, Verschoth dabbles in swimming and gymnastics, with occasional side excursions into bicycle racing and, most recently, Grand Prix show jumping—her coverage of the FEI World Cup begins on page 44. We also lean on her during the Winter and Summer Olympics, to interpret, report, check facts and, since 1972, predict the medal winners.



HAVE A HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, NEEDER

Another of her skills is her ability to interview the likes of Leonhard Stock, Jean-Claude Killy and Billy Kidd simultaneously, shifting linguistic gears while taking it all down in a complex shorthand full of weird symbols that only she can decipher ("Well, most of the time," she says). It was just such a session with Austria's imperious Annemarie Moser-Pröll that produced the remarkable profile on her in our 1980 Winter Olympic preview issue. Moser-Pröll lost six of seven downhill races in a row going into the Games, but the interview gave Verschoth the insight to pick her, nevertheless, for the gold medal at Lake Placid.

After 18 years, Verschoth finally seems to have decided that this job at SI is O.K. Not only has she become a citizen, but she also has had furniture built to fit her Manhattan apartment, giving us the secure feeling that she intends to stay. She is currently channeling her spare energies into running and giving up smoking, being up to five miles a day and six weeks, respectively.

She no longer answers the telephone by saying, "Here is Anita," as in the old days. It is not the custom, she discovered, and it is also, in some circles, no longer the name, either. Somewhere along the line "Anita" got Americanized into "Needer," which is who she now is, and what we now do.

Nelson F. Sutton

"Jeremiah and me wuz surveying together for 2 months. He never said a word. That's what I call good company."

Pappy McCoy, Railroad Surveyor, Chicago & Ouray Railroad



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Jeremiah had quiet spells. Really quiet. Usually, he had been having a fight with a lady. Or with himself. Then, he'd be flamboyant. Show off. He was much better when he was quiet.

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All winners will be announced officially at the PGA Merchandise Show next January at Florida's Walt Disney World. The three national winners will each receive an expense-paid trip for two to the show where they'll be presented with their awards. Sectional finalists will also receive permanent mementos marking their achievement.

Say "thank you" to *your* favorite professional

So if your golf professional merits consideration for the award, just fill out, detach and mail the Merchandiser of the Year nominating form below. Use an extra sheet of paper if you want to go into more detail, but the important thing is to get your nomination in without delay. Deadline is September 1, 1980, so mail your form soon to: PGA/SI Merchandiser of the Year Awards, Sports Illustrated—Room 1944, Time-Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Spend a moment to say "thank you" to a golf professional who's spent years serving you and your fellow golfers well.



PGA/SI "Merchandiser of the Year" Nominating Form

Mail to: Sports Illustrated—Room 1944, Time-Life Bldg.
Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10020

Name of your Pro Nominee (please print)

Golf Course Name

Address

City State Zip

NOTE: All nominees must be PGA members.

Your Name

Address

City State Zip

CATEGORY: (CHECK ONE.)
☐ Private ☐ Public ☐ Resort

Here's why my nominee deserves consideration for this award: (Indicate your pro's strengths by checking appropriate statements below)

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- ☐ Shop personnel are courteous and well-trained.
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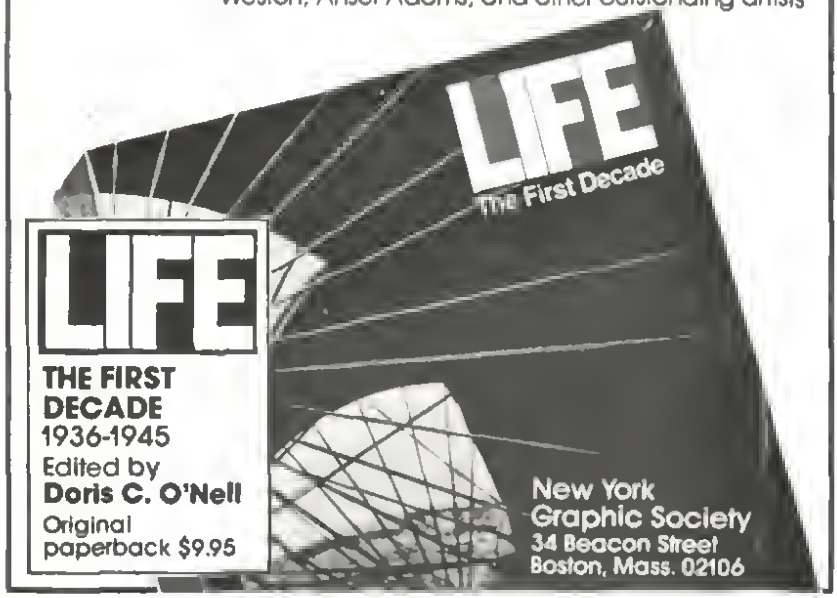
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Sideline

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

AN ITALIAN SCIENTIST HAD A CAPITAL TIME AT THE MONOPOLY TOURNAMENT

Through the years the same sort of people who swallow goldfish and cram into Volkswagens have played Monopoly games in the oddest places: on a ceiling, on a moving elevator, on a fire truck, in a bathtub. Parker Brothers, the game's manufacturer, cheerfully cooperated in these stunts, but in 1973 the company decided to institute a more orthodox competition of its own: normal people playing normal Monopoly games under normal conditions to determine a world champion.

Parker Brothers' first efforts to persuade the capitalists of the world to unite were halfhearted, in 1973 and 1974 the field for the tournament was fewer than 500. But things began to pick up in 1977, when there were 5,000 participants. The championships were then scheduled to take place every three years. The two years of playoffs leading to the 1980 finals drew more than 10,000 entrants from 17 countries in North America, Europe and the Pacific. And then, 17 national champions and the defending world champion, Kwa Chong Seng, 34, of Singapore, gathered at the Southampton Princess Hotel in Bermuda a month ago to compete for the title and a trip for two anywhere in the world.

With more publicity, the field could easily have been 10 times as large. In the 45 years since Monopoly was first marketed, more than 80 million sets have been sold in 29 countries. Parker Brothers puts out the game in 19 languages, and to meet the yearly demand, the company prints nearly twice as much paper money as the U.S. Treasury Department.

But although ordinary folk, even children, can play Monopoly, doing it well is not child's play. A good Monopolist must be able to calculate probable rates of return on investment, conjure up imaginative multi-player deals, decide when to apply pressure or persuasion and be inordinately greedy.

Indeed, greed is the enduring attraction of Monopoly. The game vaulted into popularity during the Depression, when everybody had plenty of nothing, and it remains a favorite of the young and ambitious. None of the players in Bermuda, for instance, was older than 40, and none had amassed a fortune other than on a Monopoly board.

The most driven contestant was Dana (Terrible) Terman, 24, a chunky, curly-haired car salesman from Wheaton, Md. Terman had finished sixth in 1977, and he had vowed not to fall short again. He studied the trading habits of the various nationalities represented in the tournament, and he memorized statistics

so that he "wouldn't have to think about probabilities any more than Willie Mays had to think about catching a fly ball."

Terman psyched himself up relentlessly. On the plane he read *1000 Ways To Win Monopoly Games*. He wore a T shirt that announced I'M MONOPOLY MAD, and while other competitors ate six-course dinners and putputted around on motorbikes, Terman fasted and jogged. "The Greek ideal," he said. "A sound mind in a sound body."

In the four preliminary round-robin games, Terman played astutely, milking minor holdings until he could patch together profitable combinations. And his prospects for the title brightened when defending champion Kwa took a nosedive to 17th place. Disheartened, Kwa announced he was hanging up his token.

But others challenged Terman, most notably Greg Jacobs, 29, of Australia, who is, aptly enough, a real estate agent. Jacobs had endured a 32-hour trip to Bermuda, and he looked like death warmed over; he hunched forward in his chair, sweating and blinking, with property cards and money jumbled before him. But he made deft property trades and bled his opponents' resources cunningly.

Along with Terman and Jacobs, the qualifiers for the five-man championship game included: Urs Krebs, 24, a Swiss data processing operator; Bernard Lutz, 26, a French civil servant; and the crowd's favorite, Cesare Bernabei, 29, an Italian with a Ph.D. in electronics. Even in the tensest situations, the handsome Bernabei, who also plays tournament chess, puffed calmly on his pipe and chattered amiably: "So you must pay me $24. Is cheap, is cheap. I owe you two dollars. You would like maybe three?"

Bernabei explained his *sang-froid* thusly: "I don't have to worry about making a mistake, because the game is 95% luck. It must be, because in my last two practice games before the Italian championships, my sister and my girl friend each beat me."

Such banter tended to obscure the fact that Bernabei has a very able mind. And he had no intention of conceding a thing. When he won the advantage of rolling first in the final game and Terman offered him $200 to exchange positions, Bernabei replied, "Sure, for 200 *real* dollars."

Once the game began, Terman quickly picked up both Boardwalk and Park Place, the two best rent-producing properties. In short order, Jacobs and Lutz each hit Boardwalk, went bankrupt, and the game seemed over—a Bermuda Pentangle in which everyone but Terman was doomed to disappear.

But Terman was playing too close to the vest. He acquired the green monopoly (Pacific, North Carolina and Pennsylvania Aves.) but didn't mortgage and build on it; and when the purple monopoly (St. Charles Place, States and Virginia Aves.) became available, he let it go to Bernabei for a mere $400.

After an hour, Terman began to slip, and things turned Bernabei's way. He hopscotched safely through the minefield of opponents' properties, while they paid rent to him with depressing regularity. At the two-hour mark, Krebs and Terman were eliminated.

When the new champion was asked if he still thought Monopoly was 95% luck, he replied as modestly as before, "Certainly not—the percentage should be 99.99%."

Bernabei won't defend his title until 1983, but local playoffs have already begun. The weeding-out process is democratic: anyone over the age of eight may play, and any group of at least 24 can conduct a playoff. For instructions and registration forms, write to Monopoly Tournament Director, Parker Brothers, 50 Dunham Road, Beverly, Mass. 01915. Each winner and runner-up advances to regional competition. All one needs is a little skill, lots of luck—and greed. **END**

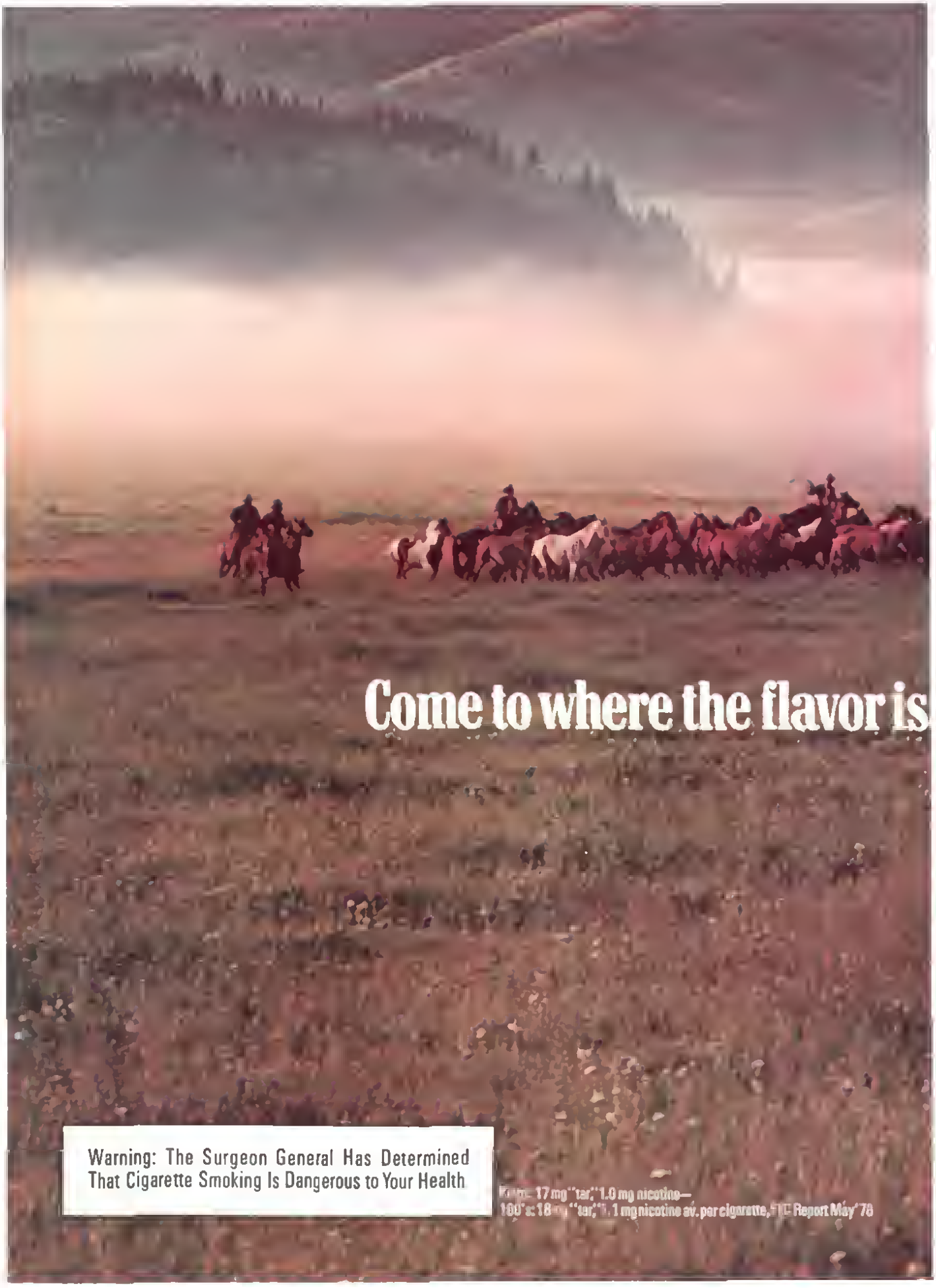


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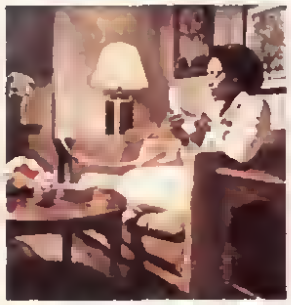


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100's: 18 mg "tar," 1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78


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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE SUBWAY RIDER

The saga of Rosie Ruiz is not without its wry elements. Ruiz is charged with finishing a race she didn't start, setting herself forever apart from the many road runners who start races they don't finish. If her accusers are correct, the 26-year-old Manhattan office worker won the Boston Marathon by running, in effect, an 880. And she was allowed to enter the Boston race on the strength of a qualifying time in the 1979 New York Marathon during which she allegedly took a shortcut of at least 16 miles by riding the subway, the modern-day equivalent, one supposes, of Pheidippides riding a goat partway from Marathon to Athens. It's tempting to compare anybody capable of pulling off such stunts with, say, streakers at a football game.

But streaking by an outsider is different from an unscrupulous competitor subverting a sports event and being adjudged an official winner. Games and races may be decided by dumb luck or wrongheaded officiating, but it is imperative that they be staged with honest effort, under conditions more or less equal for all competitors. When athletes use steroids or other drugs to gain unfair advantage, they are violating the very essence of sport. The same is true of those who resort to fraud to affect the outcome of events.

Which is what Ruiz stands accused of having done. The Cuban-born Ruiz, who moved to the U.S. with her family in 1962, told reporters last week she aspires to be an actress, and such is her theatricality that, says one friend, "if you ask her to shed five tears, she'll shed exactly five." Ruiz also revealed that she had undergone two brain operations—one to remove a "tangerine-sized" benign tumor seven years ago, the other to install a plastic plate in her head in 1978. There was other biographical information on which Ruiz would not comment: SI has learned that in 1977 a male acquaintance of Ruiz' filed a complaint with New York City police accusing her of removing credit cards from his apartment. The complainant never prosecuted and restitution apparently was made on all or part of some $1,500 worth of charges run up on the cards.

Ruiz said she began running in February 1979 and eventually was logging 100 miles a week. However, one of her roommates related that Ruiz' job with a commodities firm kept her so busy that she often had little time to run and trained instead on an exercise bicycle in her apartment. Nevertheless, she signed up for last October's New York Marathon, which required no qualifying time to enter. Although it was her first marathon, she was credited with a time of 2:56.29, 23rd best among the women and good enough to qualify for the Boston race. And so she entered the Boston event, calling her mother, a seamstress in Miami Beach, on the eve of the race and saying, "Pray for me. I have to win." Replied Juana Ruiz, "I always pray for you, dear."

No sooner did Ruiz become the first woman to cross the finish line in Boston—in 2:31.56, the third-fastest marathon time ever for a woman—than the questions began. Observers noted that Ruiz' hair wasn't matted with perspiration, that she wasn't panting and that her thighs were too flabby for an accomplished runner. Dr. Yale Markle, a chiropodist on duty at the finish line, looked at Ruiz' feet, legs, ankles and shoes and said, "She definitely didn't run the whole race." Spotters who maintained checklists of runners at various points during the race had no record of seeing Ruiz. Two Harvard students said they had seen her slip out of a crowd of spectators and enter the race about half a mile from the finish.

Nonetheless, Ruiz stoutly contended she had run the whole 26 miles, 385 yards. "I don't know how to explain what I did," she said. "I just got up this morning with a lot of energy." At a press conference three days later, she tearfully denied she had cheated. But Ruiz was vague on details of the race ("How was I greeted at Wellesley? O.K. It was O.K. everywhere"), and she only heightened the prevailing skepticism when she released stress-test results giving her resting heart rate as 76; the rate for world-class women marathoners is usually in the 50s, sometimes even lower.

New York officials, meanwhile, were taking a closer look at Ruiz' performance in last October's marathon, especially after Susan Morrow, a freelance photographer, told of having met Ruiz on a subway during that race. Morrow said that Ruiz, who was wearing running clothes, had told her she had dropped out of the race with a sprained ankle, supposedly after running 10 miles. The two women, Morrow said, left the subway near Central Park and walked to the finish line of the marathon, where Ruiz asked to have her ankle treated. Officials speculate that at this point she was accidentally credited with her finishing time; at any rate, videotape taken of the finish line showed no sign of Ruiz. And a man who claimed to have met Ruiz while jogging in Central Park in March, Marty Craven, said, "She started telling me she knew this girl who cheated in the New York Marathon by taking the subway. And I started to tell her how easy it would be to cheat in Boston."

Last Friday, asserting that the evidence indicated that "Rosie did not finish the race," Fred Lebow, the director of the New York Marathon, voided Ruiz' finish in that event. Boston Marathon officials said they would decide early this week whether to disqualify her and award the victory to the runner-up, Jacqueline Gareau of Montreal. Organizers of both races were properly chagrined. One of the charms of road racing is that plodders have traditionally competed alongside champions, yet because of the running boom, some race promoters have lately invited charges of elitism by excluding recreational runners. Another charm of road racing is that it has operated largely on the honor system. That, too, regrettably, may have to change.

CONTINUED

Heart Computer

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The Pulsetech will shortly become the number one selling system of its type in the nation

JS&A has never offered a pulse meter. And for good reason.

If you've ever used one, you'll quickly discover that your heart does not beat like a clock. It's irregular. It might beat at 40 beats per minute for one instant and at 120 the next. Since most pulse meters measure each beat as it occurs, you never feel confident that you're getting a very good reading.

We also considered size. Each pulse meter we examined was large or cumbersome and awkward to carry or store.

WE WAITED

We waited a few years. In the meantime, we discovered three ways your heart (through your pulse) helps you monitor your health.

Pulse Rate. Your pulse rate can tell you if you are getting enough oxygen throughout your body. A high pulse rate indicates that your heart must pump faster to supply that oxygen and may indicate poor physical condition.

Target Zone. Your pulse can tell you if your heart is beating fast enough during exercise. There's an area called the "Target Zone." Below this level, you're not exercising hard enough to do your heart or respiratory system any good. Above this level, you can be dangerously over-exerting yourself.

Cardiac Recovery Time. The time it takes for your pulse rate to return to normal after you've exercised is the real measure of whether or not your exercise program is doing you any good. This time can be as healthy as one minute or as poor as several minutes.

The three things we learned convinced us that the ideal pulse meter must have the following features:

1. It must measure a series of heart beats and simultaneously compute the average to avoid the strange readings from irregular heart beats.
2. It must be small enough to use while exercising.
3. It should have a timing capability to determine the Cardiac Recovery Time.

It wasn't until a small Utah medical electronic instrument company created what we feel not only provides the capabilities listed above, but excels in other areas too.

FITS ON FINGER

The unit is called the Pulsetach, and it fits right over your finger. It weighs less than an ounce and can be worn easily during most exercise programs.

The large liquid crystal display can easily be seen in normal room lighting or in bright sunlight, and because liquid crystal displays consume very little power, the readily-available watch batteries will last for years. The Pulsetach automatically turns itself off in five minutes if you forget.

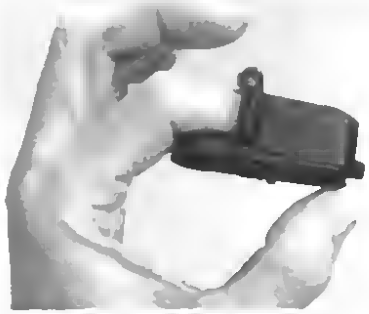
The heart of the system is a powerful microcomputer CMOS semi-conductor integrated circuit that will take up to 4 pulse beats, compute an average pulse rate, and then flash that rate on the liquid crystal display.

FINGERTIP SCANNER

The sensor consists of a Gallium Arsenide infrared light-emitting diode which scans your fingertip hundreds of times a second to determine your pulse rate. This new system is one of the most accurate and is also used in sophisticated hospital systems.

The unit also contains a quartz-controlled timing circuit which will accurately time either your exercise period or your Cardiac Recovery Time. And you can switch back and forth between the pulse and chronograph mode while you are exercising.

We realize that the Pulsetach sounds like a very sophisticated unit. And it is. But as sophisticated as it is internally, it's an extremely easy unit to operate. There are just two buttons to press which operate the pulse reading and the chronograph timing circuit. A third button engages the audio circuit.



The Pulsetach system fits comfortably on your finger while it monitors your heart and determines your Cardiac Recovery Time.

HEAR YOUR PULSE

The audio circuit simply beeps every time your pulse beeps. This feature lets you monitor your pulse by hearing it as you run or exercise and it can be shut off by pressing the button a second time. The timing circuit is quartz-controlled and extremely accurate.

The Pulsetach not only has combined all of the most advanced technology in an extremely small size, but it costs less than many other systems lacking its advanced features.

The Pulsetach can be used for joggers, athletes, all forms of exercise and even cardiac recovery patients, as it operates quite effectively with pacemakers.

REAL WORKOUT

We suggest you order a Pulsetech for our 30-day no-obligation trial. When you receive your unit, give it a real workout. Notice how simple it is to operate and how easily you can read your pulse rate. Use it to stay in your Target Zone and to determine and then improve your Cardiac Recovery Time.

Monitor your Cardiac Recovery Time. Determine your Target Zone and see if you're really exercising in that area. Then use the Pulsetach to watch those important signs slowly improve thanks to the accuracy and information you get from the unit.

By knowing the important factors that help you monitor your health, you'll feel better, exercise more effectively, and many doctors feel you'll live longer.

TWO UNITS AVAILABLE

To order your Pulsetach pulse meter, send your check for **$119.95** plus $2.50 postage and handling (Illinois residents add 6% sales tax) to the address below. (Allow 20 days for personal checks to clear.) Credit card buyers may call our toll-free number below.

You can also order the more expensive hospital unit that averages 16 beats and has all the features including the small size of the previous unit. It costs **$169.95**.

We'll send your Pulsetach pulse meter complete with 90-day limited warranty and instructions which include information on determining your Target Zone, Cardiac Recovery Time and other helpful information.

Then after your test, if you're not fully convinced that the Pulsetach is the best unit of its kind, the most convenient, and the greatest value, return it within 30 days for a prompt and courteous refund including the $2.50 charge for postage and handling. You can't lose.

Your Pulsetech is totally solid-state so service should never be required, but if it is, the manufacturer has a national service-by-mail facility backing each unit. JS&A is America's largest single source of space-age products – further assurance that your Pulsetech is backed by a substantial company.

We've waited an awful long time to jump into the pulse monitoring field. But what a great entry. Order your Pulsetach at no obligation today.

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Gentle. All Kodak Carousel projectors use dependable gravity to gently drop each slide in place.

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Convenient. All Kodak Carousel projectors, except the least expensive model, have remote control forward-and-reverse slide change.

Immediate replay. Easy access to any slide, as well as the forward-reverse feature, means you don't have to go through all the slides to get back to the one you want to look at again. A need that comes up more often than you might realize.

Focus free. Three Kodak Carousel projector models offer automatic focus. You focus the first slide; the projector automatically focuses the slides that follow.

Well-mannered. All Kodak Carousel projectors use the long-life ELH lamp. It creates much less heat, so it makes for less fan noise. Another well-mannered touch—for no more glare on the screen—is an exclusive dark shutter latch that automatically keeps the screen dark when no slide is being shown.

Smart. Four Kodak Carousel projectors automatically advance slides at 5-, 8-, or 15-second intervals, so you can just sit back and enjoy the show.

Add to it. Just like it's fun to get accessories for your 35 mm camera, you can make your Kodak Carousel projector as sophisticated as you like. With simple accessories like a Kodak zoom lens and stack loader. Or more professional ones like a dissolve control or sound synchronizer.

Now that you have the facts, take this ad along to your photo dealer's, so that you can ask for exactly what you want in your new Kodak Carousel projector. You'll like what you see.

Kodak Carousel projectors

The dependable ones.

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1880 Kodak 1980

America's Storyteller

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Agent Ed Gottlieb insists he was serious when he placed a classified ad in San Diego newspapers last week for his client, Ozzie Smith, the Padres' stylish but weak-hitting (.211 last season, .246 so far in 1980) shortstop. It read:

> Padre Baseball Player wants part-time employment to supplement income College education, willing to work, prefer PR-type employment Need hours tailored to baseball schedule, but would quit baseball for right opportunity

And, well, maybe Gottlieb *was* serious. After all, Smith's demands that team owner Ray Kroc increase his $65,000 salary to $150,000 have fallen on deaf ears, leaving the free-spending Smith in a financial bind. And, sure enough, the ad yielded an offer of a part-time job from a trading company that, according to Gottlieb, Smith was considering.

But that's not the only result of the unique ad. Word of Smith's financial plight somehow produced a published story that he was a talented cyclist who might take a leave of absence from the Padres to race in the Tour de France, a report that Smith scotched by admitting, "I don't even own a bicycle." Then there were the mocking offers he received to deliver pizzas, mow lawns for a New York millionaire and dance nude, not to mention some patronizing comments attributed to Kroc's wife Joan that Smith could always work as a $3.50-an-hour assistant to Luis, her gardener. But the deftest putdown was the retaliatory ad placed by a San Diegan named Ron James:

> Padre baseball fan wants part-time employment to supplement future ticket costs, 25 years fan education, willing to work but prefer fun PR-type job Need hours tailored to home baseball schedule, would be willing to quit watching baseball for job as baseball agent

WIRED FOR SOUND

In hope of injecting some much-needed life into golf telecasts, PGA Tour officials have been allowing the networks, as an experiment, to rig selected players and caddies with microphones. The innovation has enlivened things all right. At the Heritage Classic Tom Kite, not realizing the mike he was wearing was switched on, touched off a furor by remarking that John Schroeder ought to be fined and suspended for slow play. And at the Tournament of Champions, Tom Watson was overheard counseling a struggling Lee Trevino to try altering his stance. A viewer phoned and pointed out that proferring such advice to another player is illegal, whereupon Watson was penalized two strokes. Watson still won the tournament by three strokes.

The question remains whether this is the kind of liveliness golf really needs. NBC evidently thinks so, having pointedly hired Kite and Schroeder, the principals in the slow-play incident, as commentators on last weekend's Legends of Golf tournament near Austin, Texas. But might not electronic eavesdropping in sports be going too far? Television commentators, with some adroit interviewing, might have coaxed Kite into commenting *openly* on Schroeder's slow play—or even, heaven forbid, have risked saying something controversial themselves. As for penalizing Watson for giving advice to Trevino, another player, Dave Stockton, notes that this smacks of selective punishment. "We pros give advice all the time," Stockton says. "If the rule were enforced, I'd have been penalized 30 times this year already." Tour officials will decide sometime after this week's Houston Open whether to make the miking of players permanent, but there appears to be growing sentiment among the players that the idea be dropped. As one touring pro told SI's Jane Bachman last week, "This kind of controversy may be good for the networks, but it's not necessarily good for the players or the sport."

PLAY BALL

It was a highly emotional moment when Catcher Darrell Porter rejoined his teammates Friday night in the Kansas City Royals' clubhouse. The Royals had just beaten Baltimore 7–0 and as Porter, who had been inactive since quietly leaving the club's spring-training camp on March 15, delivered a prepared statement to sportswriters, other K.C. players gathered in the hushed room to listen.

"I am very happy to be back," Porter began, hands trembling nervously. "Six weeks ago God gave me the strength, courage and determination to face my personal problems and to seek professional help. I went to [Royal General Manager] Joe Burke and advised him that I was a drug addict and an alcoholic. My whole life was being affected. I have hurt my family, my friends, the great baseball fans of the Royals, my teammates, and I almost destroyed myself."

Porter said he had spent six weeks undergoing treatment in a rehabilitation clinic and had "graduated" earlier that same day. Then he said, "I'm sorry for what I've done and hope and pray that others will benefit from my bad experience." Porter finished by asking the writers to try to forgo personal questions and confine their interviews with him to baseball, which seemed like a fair enough request. Then his teammates crowded forward and hugged and kissed him.

THE MAGIC EYES HAVE IT

At Wimbledon this year, Ilie Nastase, Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe will kindly direct their complaints to a couple of tiny electronic boxes. The boxes, each about the size of a car radio, emit a light beam that helps officials decide whether a serve is in or out. These "magic eyes" are lined up on both sides of the court in such a way that the beam is broken if a served ball hits the ground within six inches on either side of the service line. If a serve hits beyond the line, the linesman, outfitted with earphones, will hear a beep indicating a fault, and he and the umpire will see flashing red lights on boxes affixed to their chairs. If the ball hits inside or on the line, there will be no beep, only a flashing yellow light, signifying a good serve.

The magic eyes, which will be installed only on the Centre and No. 1 courts, are of limited usefulness because the beam could be broken by, say, a foot as readily as by a served ball. Because the partner of a player receiving service in doubles could, depending on where he is positioned, break the beam, the magic eyes are used in singles only. And even in singles, a disgruntled receiver could use a racket or a foot to break the beam on purpose. Partly for that reason, Wimbledon officials say that the linesman will have the right to overrule the device. To prevent spectators, in turn, from trying to overrule the linesman, the panels on which the lights flash will be carefully shielded from public view.

THEY SAID IT

- Danny Marsh, a Cambridge, Md. gas-station attendant, midway through an unsuccessful attempt to swallow a "world-record" 51 raw eggs in an hour: "This is bad, man. Give me some water."
- Herb Stevens, trainer of Blue Grass winner Rockhill Native, on assertions that his horse is too small to win the Kentucky Derby: "If size meant anything, a cow could beat a rabbit." **END**

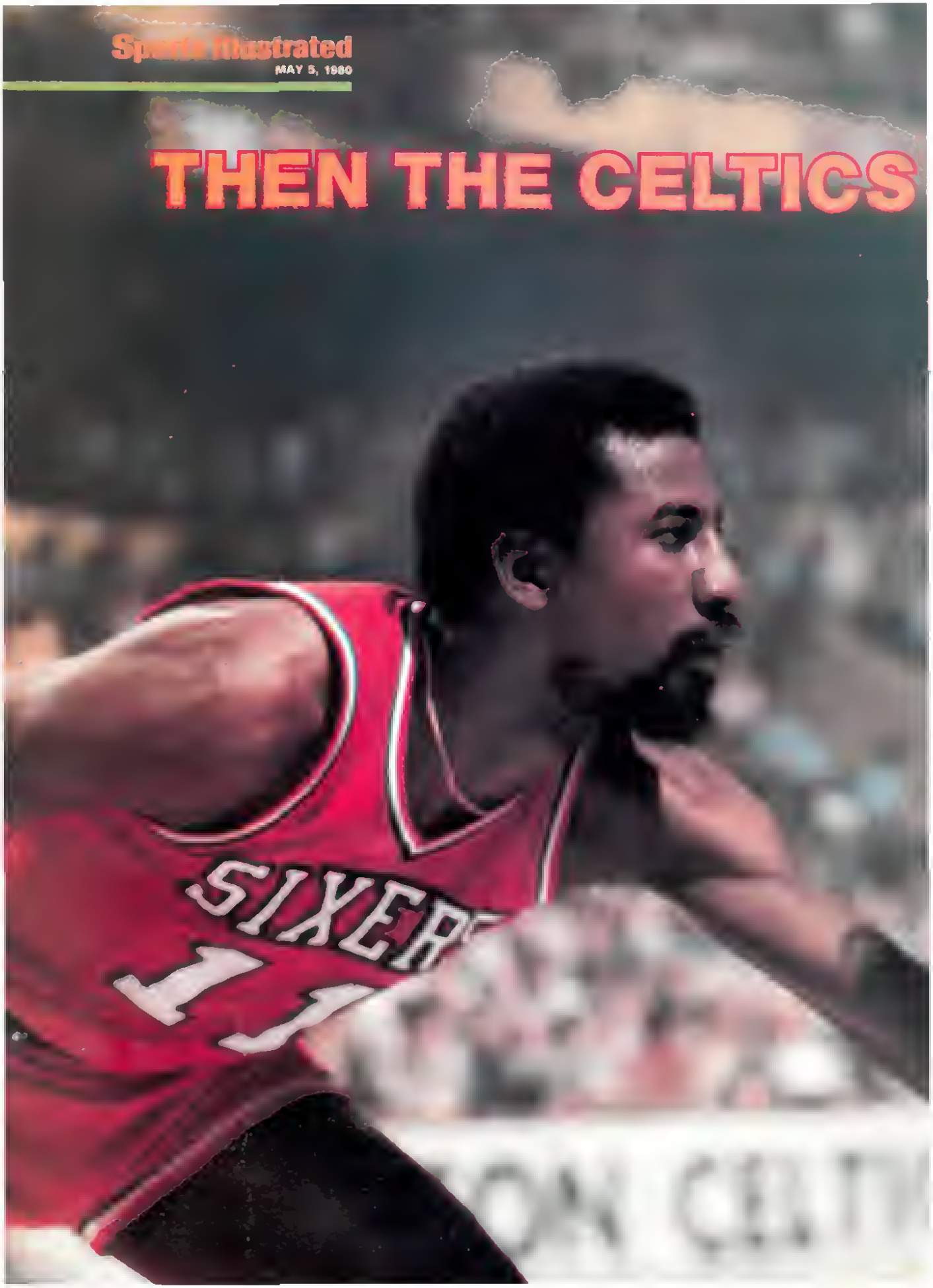


FOR ALL YOU DO... THIS BUD'S FOR YOU.



Sports Illustrated
MAY 5, 1980

THEN THE CELTICS



BLINKED

In the eyeball-to-eyeball cockpit of the NBA playoffs those Jones Boys—Caldwell (below) and Bobby—copped Larry Bird as Philly triumphed in five games

by JOHN PAPANEK



CONTINUED

Something had seemed askew right from the beginning. There were the Philadelphia 76ers with all those playoff veterans, coming off a season of hard work, team harmony and splendid success. Their prodigious individual talents had finally been blended to produce the team's best season—59–23—since the Chamberlain years. Yet the Boston Celtics were still expected to win the NBA Eastern finals. Boston's rise from the rubble to a 61–21 season and its four-game sweep of Houston in the Eastern semis certainly helped shape that opinion. But so, it seemed, had all those championship banners hanging from the rafters and Red Auerbach's cigar. Who out there didn't *want* to believe in the Boston Celtics?

But after Philadelphia beat the Celtics 105–94 in Boston last Sunday to win the series four games to one, in retrospect the Celts' fatal flaws were all too apparent. "It seems obvious now how much better we are, doesn't it?" said Sixer Coach Billy Cunningham. "I'll tell you. We never thought we'd win it in five."

Why not? The 76ers, after all, had a grown-up and determined Darryl Dawkins who had finally learned how to play this game, alongside indomitable defender Caldwell Jones. Boston had a tired Dave Cowens alongside noted nondefender Cedric Maxwell. Philly had a backcourt of Maurice Cheeks, a point guard for the '80s, and Lionel Hollins, a fine shooter just three years removed from a championship in Portland, who had been stolen in February for a 1981 draft choice. Boston had Nate (Tiny) Archibald, who vitiated his fine comeback season with a wildly erratic series, and Chris Ford, another reclamation project who, against the Sixers, couldn't shoot the ball into the Charles River from the bank.

Sure, Boston did have Larry Bird, the one Celtic who played brilliantly in the first four games—averaging 24.8 points and 13.7 rebounds—but Philadelphia had The Doctor.

Julius Erving scored only 14 points in the final game, after averaging 27 in the previous four, but by that time Bird, the only Celtic who had a chance to stop him, was so tired that he shot five-for-19 and scored but 12 points against the defense of Jones and Jones—Caldwell *and* Bobby—who took turns harassing him. After his rookie season ended in unexpected disappointment, just as his collegiate career had a year ago, Bird said sadly, "We were considered the best team, but they put us away like we were nothing."

And so the Sixers did. The Celtics might have thought from the previous four games that if they held Erving to 14 points, the fifth would be theirs. But no. Instead, Hollins took over from the start, scoring 24 points on an assortment of jumpers, drives and trips to the foul line against Ford and M.L. Carr. And Bobby Jones, one of the best sixth men in basketball, maybe the best defensive forward and the fastest, most sure-handed fast-break wingman alive, threw in 19 points on eight-of-10 shooting, while Dawkins had 18 and Caldwell Jones 12.

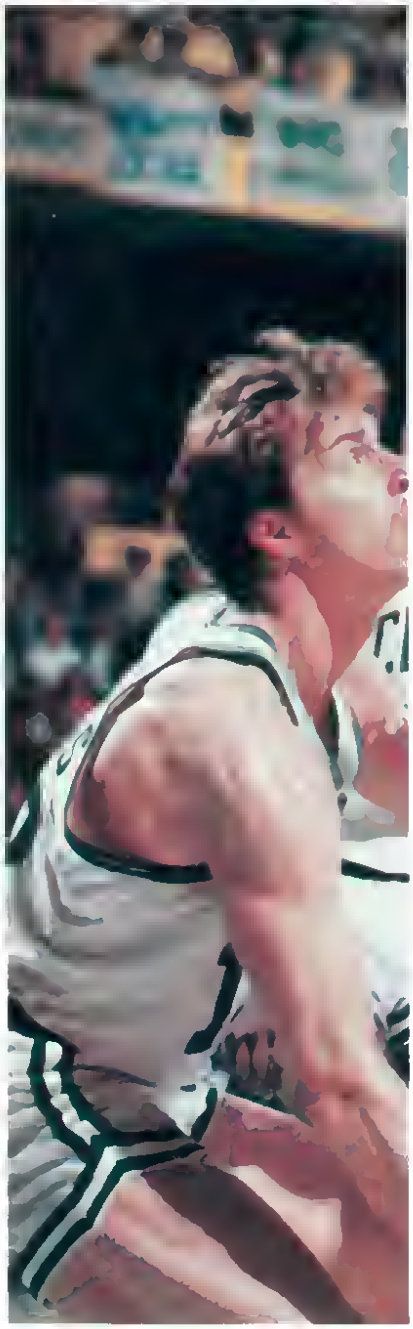
Boston was able to get within two points of the Sixers a couple of times in the second period and to within four early in the third. But the 76ers never became rattled. "We can beat them too many ways," said Hollins. "Doc doesn't score, so we score for him."

And Philadelphia played defense—forcing Archibald to make seven turnovers and Bird six. "I suppose we didn't play very well," said Cowens, who, with 22 points, had his only decent offensive game of the series. "We just couldn't get anything going for any length of time. The fine points weren't there. It's sort of a shock, because I don't think anyone on this team thought we were going to lose."

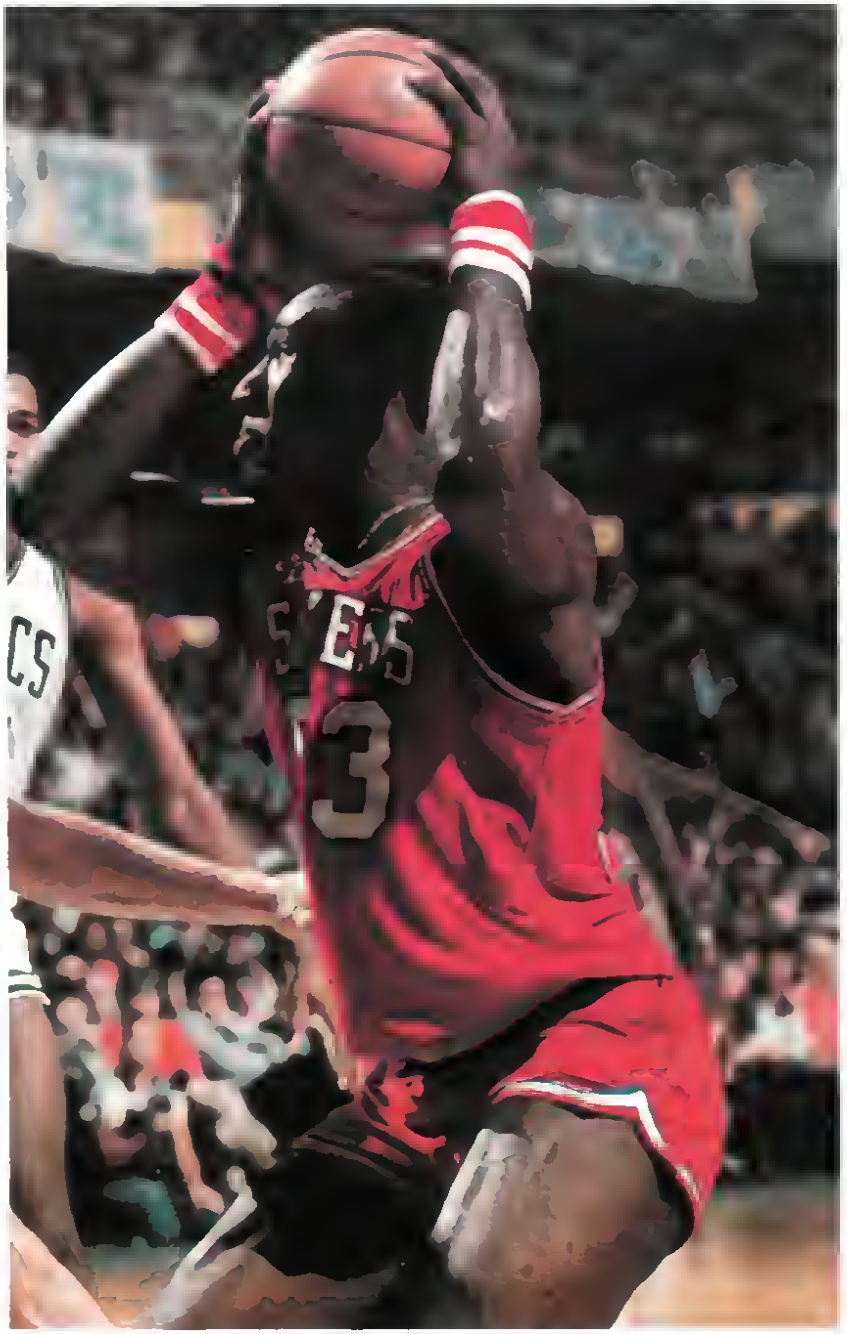
Whether the magic simply ended for the Celtics in Philadelphia in Games 3 and 4, or whether the 76ers finally realized the destiny that Fitz Dixon's millions began buying in the mid-'70s will surely be grist for analysis.

But the record shows that neither game was a classic, that except for a 12-minute segment of Game 3, which ought to be preserved in the Smithsonian for future generations, Philly's strategy mostly consisted of sending in fresh defensive troops who made the Celtics fold up quite docilely.

Even after Erving's blitz—19 points in those classic 12 minutes that put the 76ers up by 14 points with 6:10 left to play—the Celtics still found themselves with the ball and a chance to win in the final 16 seconds. But they fumbled it away on their 25th turnover, an appalling number for such fine passers and ball handlers, on a confusing play invented for the moment by Coach Bill Fitch. Philadelphia won 99–97. As for Game 4, the 76ers, leading 86–74 at the end of the third quarter, won 102–90 even though they made only two baskets in 23 attempts in the fourth.



It wasn't that the Celtics were unprepared for the 76ers. In fact, they might have been overprepared and overcoached. Instead of sticking with the game that earned them the best record in the NBA and the sweep of outclassed Houston—the simplest of running, passing and shooting games—Fitch constantly changed lineups. He kept his bench warm, and at times grumpy, with regulars like Archibald and Maxwell for



Cowens was bound and determined to stop Dawkins, but Darryl was as tireless as Dave was weary

committing a few turnovers. Fitch was hauling around so much tape and TV equipment some players began calling him Captain Video. This is the man who installed a special antenna outside his hotel room in New Jersey a while back to pick up a TV game from Philadelphia, the man who sometimes vacates the bench during games to view replays in the locker room.

Still, Cunningham was able to show off a new defensive trick in Games 3 and 4 to slow down Bird, who had won Game 2 with 31 points and had scored 27 in the opener. Instead of having to chase Bird, Erving switched to Maxwell, who rarely ventures more than a layup away from the basket. Meanwhile, the alternating tandem of Jones and Jones took Bird. He had 22 and 19 points in Games 3 and 4, respectively, but he tired sufficiently to let his man, Erving, loose for 28 and 30.

Bird's fatigue showed in Game 3, and he said, "I think the Doctor knew it." Did he ever. Boston led 58–57 when Erving lit up the Spectrum. First he took off from the foul line, floated to the basket and made a finger-roll layup off the fast break. Then he hit a 15-foot jumper over Bird. Next came a reverse layup from behind the glass. Then he assisted Bobby Jones on a layup. And so on . . . and on.

After the game, the Doctor said. "I amaze myself with what I do maybe one percent of the time. The other times it's merely repetition. The buildings and the names and the faces change, but, generally, I do what I expect of myself. And I don't think about my dunk shots. I just make sure I have a place to land."

The play Fitch dreamed up in Game 3 came with 16 seconds left and the Celtics down by two. Pete Maravich was supposed to take the shot, but the Celtics passed the ball aimlessly, and Maravich never knew what to do with it. Finally, Carr rolled it toward Cowens, who fumbled it away. Afterward, some Celtics put the knock on Fitch. Said one, "He has about 200 plays but we use five. Why did he pick one of the other 195? Nobody knew what was going on."

Game 4 was the most puzzling of all. The 76ers shot that miserable .087 in the fourth quarter, yet they blocked an astounding 15 Celtic shots in the game—five by Bobby Jones, four by Dawkins, two each by Erving, Caldwell Jones and Steve Mix. Twice in the fourth period the 76ers went four minutes without scoring, and in those eight minutes the Celtics got exactly eight points.

"Has something happened to this team?" said Fitch. "No. We're not going to fall for that one. This team is happy. We're working. They're blocking our shots. If we can manage to get the damn ball into the basket, get a little lucky. . . ."

As Fitch said those words in the locker room, there was a loud crash and a scream. A large mirror had fallen from above Carr's locker, shattering on his head, and opened a four-inch gash on the back of his right shoulder. The accident left a chill in the room. Fitch looked ashen. "You see what I mean about things not going right?" he said.

After Sunday's crusher, Fitch had tears in his eyes, though the relief from the strain was just as apparent. "Knowing you're not as bad as they made you look is some comfort," he said. "If people really want to know how good we are, they'd better buy a season ticket and come in here next year to find out."

Philadelphia fans will find out how good the 76ers are a lot sooner.

continued



Shelton won this skirmish with Abdul Jabbar but the majestic L A center was winning the war

UP AGAINST THE WALL ONCE MORE

by Bruce Newman

For 11 seasons he has stood at the center of his own remarkable universe, unwavering in his consistency. The only time Kareem Abdul-Jabbar ever seemed to change was when he got better. And there was no mistaking it when he shifted into high in a game. "Kareem has a very specific body language," says Paul Westhead, the interim head coach of the Lakers. "When he wants to get something going, the other players know."

Last Sunday in Seattle, Los Angeles had fallen behind the SuperSonics by 21 points with 6:36 left in the third quarter when Abdul-Jahbar's body began talking tough. With Kareem dominating the boards and scoring four of his game-high 25 points, the Lakers went on a 24–2 tear to pull ahead 72–71 just before the end of the period. When the game had ended and the Lakers had defeated the Sonics 98–93 to take a three-to-one lead in the finals of the Western Conference playoff series, Westhead found himself trying to explain Abdul-Jabhar's influence on the Lakers' surge in artistic terms. "When you paint a picture," he said, "the sunshine goes in first, then you fill in the trees and the flowers."

Kareem had been the sunshine in the Lakers' picture since the playoffs began, and his performance against the Sonics indicates he is now more incandescent than ever. Abdul-Jahbar had spent the entire week breaking Seattle's backs with his graceful spin moves across the lane and breaking Sonic hearts with his devastating sky hook. In the four games he averaged 28.8 points and 11.8 rebounds, hit 58% of his shots and blocked 14. And with Kareem operating at peak efficiency, Forward Jamaal Wilkes was deadly from outside. He scored 12 of his team's points in the fourth quarter when the Lakers were putting together an 11-point run to go from four down to a seven-point lead. "What they did to us early in the game," said L.A.'s Magic Johnson after his 15-point, 13-rebound performance, "we did to them in the second half."

And what the Lakers did mostly in the second half was play superb defense, swarming over the Sonics' guards and forcing Dennis Johnson to shoot 8-for-21 and Out-of-Town Fred Brown to fire up 11 consecutive rocks. "We started playing like we were down by 20 points, not ahead by 20," said Seattle Forward John Johnson.

The Lakers had dug their own hole in a variety of ways in the first half, particularly by being unable to run. Los Angeles didn't score a point from its fast break until Magic got a layup with 3:39 left in the first period. In the second quarter the Lakers blew four fast-break opportunities, and it wasn't until after the intermission that Magic and Norm Nixon began devouring the Seattle guards and squeezed 15 points from their running game.

L A 's early problems were evident in the play of their starting power forward, Jim Chones, who had a three-chances-to-make-two free-throw opportunity at the end of the first quarter and then shot as if he had just swallowed a golf ball. Next Chones was assessed a technical foul for throwing the ball over one of the backboards, which was where most of his shots had been going, anyway.

With Chones and his two backups, Spencer Haywood and Mark Landsberger, stumbling around trying to handle Sonic Lonnie Shelton, Westhead frequently moved Magic from point guard to power forward, wildly disparate assignments that the rookie handled with authority. With Magic down low, where he may well be the Lakers' best rebounder, L A was able to come at the Sonics with Nixon and Michael Cooper in the backcourt. "Ultimately," said Westhead, "that's our best lineup."

Magic, who has never gotten much credit for defense, did outstanding work on DJ, Shelton and even the muscular Paul Silas. When Game 4 was over and the teams headed back to L.A., Magic was happy but cautious. "I can be joyed," he said, "but I can't be overjoyed."

The series had not started out so one-sidedly. Seattle opened with a 108–107 victory in Los Angeles that was built largely on Brown's droopy old shoulders. The Lakers had tried to defend against Brown's rockets in the conventional manner, by letting forwards and at times even Abdul-Jabbar switch off on him when the Sonics ran him through an intricate maze of picks. Those openings were all that Brown needed Tuesday night as he shot down Los Angeles with 11-of-14 mostly long-range two-pointers and four-of-seven from behind the three-point line for a total of 34 points. Brown's final three-pointer came with 53 seconds to play, and it tied the score at 107–107. Jack Sikma, who had been fouled by Nixon as he hauled in an errant Wilkes shot with two seconds left, hit a free throw to give Seattle the win.

The Lakers had scored 22 points on fast breaks in the first half of that game, most of them in the first quarter, but then never seemed able to get their running game going again. "I don't think it was so much Fred Brown's great shooting that beat us," said Westhead, "although that was part of it. We got into a slower pace than we're used to playing, and I think it might have been because our players were caught by surprise by Fred's shots. It's not unusual for someone to score that many points against you, but when they're falling in from 25 feet, there's a momentary lapse while you try to recover from what you've just seen."

The Lakers weren't able to shut Brown off completely the next night in Game 2, also in L A , but by applying Cooper to him like a layer of epoxy they were at least able to hold him to 14 points. Meanwhile, Magic was holding DJ to 8-of-20 shooting and Nixon allowed Gus Williams only four points in the second half after letting him gallop around for 20 in the first two periods. It was during the second game, a 108–99 Laker victory, that it became apparent Los Angeles could hurry Seattle's guards into mistakes. DJ, for instance, shot a puny 34% and got only seven assists during the first three games. Said Westhead, "We've found that the way to play the Sonics is to trap their guards, who are the most impressive part of their offense, and force them to pass off to their less impressive forwards."

Early on it appeared that Westhead was going to have trouble with less impressive forwards of his own. Wilkes was hitting only 36% of his shots after the first half of Game 3, and neither Chones, Haywood nor Landsberger had done anything to make anyone forget about Elgin Baylor.

Wilkes finally broke out of his slump, sinking eight of his 10 jumpers in the second half of the third game to keep Los Angeles in the lead, and with the Sonics no longer able to collapse around the middle, Abdul-Jabbar applied the crusher, connecting on six of seven shots in the final period. "They couldn't put everybody on me the whole game," said Kareem, who had 33 points in L A.'s 104–100 win. "When Jamaal gets going, they have to stop doubling me and go after him. If they double up on both of us, pretty soon they run out of people."

By Sunday it seemed that the Sonics had not only run out of people but also were about to run out of time. "We couldn't have asked for a better shot than we had," said JJ disgustedly. "We just let 'em off the hook."

Said Abdul-Jabbar, "They claim they like to play with their backs against the walls. At this point they're about to go over the wall." END



Wilkes got the hot hand in the nick of time



Finally getting a taste of glory, North Star Goalie Gilles Meloche, here fending off Canadien Yvon Lambert, coolly responded with countless clutch saves.

LES CANADIENS ARE LAID TO REST

There will be no champagne-filled Stanley Cup for Montreal this spring. In a shocking upset, Minnesota stopped the Canadiens' bid for their fifth straight Cup by beating them 3–2 in Game 7 of the quarterfinals **by KATHY BLUMENSTOCK**

That crunching, crashing sound coming from the vicinity of rue Ste-Catherine and Avenue Atwater in Montreal last Sunday night was not an overtime demolition crew plowing up sidewalks. It was the crumbling of hockey's holiest dynasty. Les Canadiens, perennial odds-on favorites in Stanley Cup play, winners of the last four Cups, revered and feared throughout the NHL, went belly-up with 1:26 to play in the seventh and final game of their quarterfinal-round matchup against the upstart Minnesota North Stars. Al MacAdam sent the champs tumbling when he rapped a rebound past Goalie Denis Herron to give Minnesota a 3–2 victory right there in the Forum. *Adieu*, Canadiens. Go cry in your Molson's.

The very idea of the Canadiens getting an early holiday seemed absurd. Since their last abrupt ouster from the playoffs by Buffalo five years ago, the Habs had faced only two "must-win" contests. In last year's semifinal against Boston, Montreal teetered on the edge of elimination with the teams tied at three games apiece. Boston led 3–1 in the third period, but then . . . ah, *le bleu, blanc et rouge*, playoff tradition deep as an Arab oil field, all those guys named Guy—especially one called Flower—and "must-win" became "do-win." Montreal toppled the Bruins in overtime and went on to win the Cup. *Naturellement.*

Since then, though, Les Canadiens

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN IACONO

have lost Goaltender Ken Dryden to his legal studies, Center Jacques Lemaire to a Swiss hockey club and Coach Scotty Bowman to Buffalo. And last week those losses, coupled with a rash of disabling injuries to key players, left the Canadiens, well, in their cups. Guy Lafleur aggravated a knee injury during the Hartford series and could only watch all the Minnesota games on TV. Defenseman Serge Savard was suffering the lingering effects of a broken ankle and was all but useless. Centers Doug Risebrough and Pierre Mondou and Defenseman Guy Lapointe also were rendered *hors de combat* or ineffective because of injuries.

Lafleur, it was reported, would surely be ready for the semifinals. "What's he going to do—the color commentary on TV?" quipped Minnesota Center Bobby Smith.

Minnesota had stunned Montreal by winning the first two games at the Forum, but the Canadiens returned the insult by sweeping the next two games at the Met Center in Bloomington, Minn. The Canadiens then came back to Montreal for a 6–2 decision in Game 5 last Tuesday night, and suddenly the North Stars were one game from a vacation.

But Minnesota did an about-face Thursday night at the Met, humiliating the Canadiens 5–2. Worse still, the Canadiens were also hit with another critical injury: Center Pierre Larouche, a 50-goal scorer during the regular season, suffered a charley horse after receiving a bruising check from Fred Barrett, and he had to watch Sunday's game from the sidelines with his linemate Lafleur.

For the North Stars, who are now playing Philadelphia in the Cup semifinals, beating Montreal culminated a short trip from ineptness to respectability. Two years ago Minnesota had the worst record in the NHL; this season the North Stars finished sixth in the 21-team league, and now they are one of the final four.

"People keep saying, if we win tonight, it's a major upset for hockey," Minnesota Coach Glen Sonmor was saying before Sunday's game. "I just don't see it that way. We're confident. We're a poised, intelligent young team. The guys aren't awed completely by the Forum. If we come out with real intensity—and it's been one intense series—we could beat them."

Obviously, there was intensity aplenty Sunday, but then the North Stars played inspired hockey all season, albeit in fits and starts. They pieced together a 13-game unbeaten string at home, but they also compiled a dismal 11–20–9 road record. And while they put an end to Philadelphia's celebrated 35-game unbeaten streak, they also extended their winless seasons in Boston to 13.

The force behind the renaissance of the North Stars is 38-year-old Lou Nanne, who settled in as general manager in 1978 following a 10-year playing career with Minnesota. Nanne immediately launched a reconstruction project. In building a winner, "you've got to go with kids from the draft," says Nanne, the "kid" of NHL general managers. "They can grow with a team. We've got six kids on our roster who were drafted the last two years. And they're not just adequate. They're the core of our club."

The real core is Smith, the No. 1 draft pick in 1978; he scored 74 points in 1978-79 and was voted Rookie of the Year. Steve Payne, Smith's left wing, was a second-round choice that year, as were Forward Steve Christoff, late of the U.S. Olympic team, and Defenseman Curt Giles. Payne scored 42 goals this season, while Christoff had 15 points in the 20 games he played for Minnesota after Lake Placid. Wing Tom McCarthy and Defenseman Craig Hartsburg were the top picks in 1979; both play regularly.

The North Stars acquired added stock when the NHL merged the folding Cleveland Barons with Minnesota before the 1978-79 season. The principal additions: MacAdam, Defenseman Paul Shmyr and Goalies Gilles Meloche and Gary Edwards. MacAdam led Minnesota in scoring this year with 93 points while playing on a line with Smith and Payne. He is one of few Stars who has been the Stanley Cup route before. He played one game in Philadelphia's 1974 Cup win and thereby has a Stanley Cup ring. But he refuses to wear it, saying, "It doesn't mean anything. I haven't earned it."

Meloche not only doesn't own a ring, but he also never had been in the playoffs until this spring. A first-rate goalie for 10 NHL seasons, most of them with the likes of Cleveland and California, both now defunct, Meloche responded by shutting out Montreal in Game 1, in his hometown. In Game 7, Meloche wandered out of the crease regularly, at times playing backup defenseman, while blocking 22 of 24 shots. Even under the severe pressure, Meloche seemed to be enjoying himself.

For his counterpart, Herron, however, it was nightmare city. Herron looked like an out-of-whack windmill, nervously flailing at North Star shots and one-handing one too many. After Montreal's Mark Napier scored the game's first goal, Herron inadvertently let Minnesota back in the game. While McCarthy sat out an interference penalty, Minnesota sent the puck into the Canadiens' end and Herron eagerly came out of his cage to sweep it to a teammate. But his pass bounced off one of his own goalposts, and Minnesota's Tom Younghans backhanded it into the empty net. "It was an unfortunate play for Herron, but it definitely turned things around for us," said Smith. "You hate to see one guy accept responsibility for such a play."

Herron knew, though. He sagged to the ice, struck his stick against the surface and scarcely roamed from his doorstep again. Hartsburg put Minnesota ahead 2–1 in the second period, but even after Montreal's Rod Langway scored a third-period goal to tie the game, the North Stars kept skating.

"When I said I was anxious to play Montreal, I was laughed at," says Nanne. "But they're such a good skating club, and we're such a good skating club, I wanted to prove we could keep up with them. Even if we hadn't beaten them, just playing Montreal's game would have given us credibility."

Before Sunday's game there was speculation that Lafleur would suit up and, if nothing else, sit on the bench as an inspiration to his teammates. But he did not. "If I were 35 and in the last year of my contract," Lafleur said, "maybe I'd go out and skate on one leg. But I'm only 28. I don't want to end up like Bobby Orr. It's more important for me to play for this team another five years than for us to win another Cup."

Another Cup. Some teams—Minnesota included—have never seen one, yet Montreal refers to *another* one. Of course, the trophy has been housed at the Forum so often—22 times in all—that the Canadiens feel proprietary. What other arena sells miniature, silvery replicas of "*our* Stanley Cup"?

After Sunday's game, a man tried to buy one at a Forum souvenir stand. "Too late," he was told by a somber vendor. "Maybe next year."



Trainer Stevens is in hardboot heaven, jockey Oldham is feeling like new and Rocky is lapping it up

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

A champion at two who had taken his lumps at three, Rockhill Native won the Blue Grass to revive his Kentucky Derby prospects—and set off a down-home hoedown

by WILLIAM NACK

All that seemed to be missing was a barbershop quartet singing *Camptown Races*, with the crowd joining in on the "do dahs." Last Thursday's Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland produced an atmosphere of down-home, homespun cheeriness, a mood that called for a song. There was Kentucky Governor John Y. Brown Jr. waving folks into the winner's circle, and right next to the governor was his wife, former Miss America Phyllis George, standing shoeless and pregnant on the grass. And over to one side were the winning jockey, John Oldham, and Oldham's wife Suzy, who is 9½ months pregnant, and their 22-month-old daughter, Jessica, talking about a "horsey." And there was the horsey himself, Rockhill Native, who had the sense to leave early and find himself a drink, and his tall and dignified owner, Harry Oak, and Oak's wife, Margaret. Plus trainer Herb Stevens and his wife, who is called Lady Louise Stevens, wearing a snappy cream-colored Stetson, was rolling a toothpick in a corner of his mouth.

"We've got to get with the governor if we want the trophy," Stevens said to Lady Louise. She hurried alongside.

"John," Stevens called over to the governor, "all right if we come over there?"

Brown waved him on. "Come on," said the guv.

"Herb, congratulations," said James Bassett, the president of the Keeneland Association.

"We finally made it," Stevens said.

Hubert Ellis, the Keeneland stable superintendent, patted Stevens on the shoulder. "The hometown team won it!" Ellis said.

"This was for the home folks," Stevens agreed.

Indeed, the trainer had finally made it and the hometown folks saluted him. After training racehorses at Keeneland for most of his career, the 63-year-old horseman had done what he had always wanted most to do: win a stakes race on the bridle path that he calls home. What made it all the sweeter was that he had done it in the Blue Grass, Keeneland's biggest event. What's more, the timing couldn't have been better, or more propitious. Rockhill Native, last year's male champion 2-year-old, who had fallen

from favor after an erratic campaign in Florida over the winter, had suddenly emerged as either the solid second choice or co-favorite—along with the Florida Derby and Wood Memorial winner, Plugged Nickle—for Saturday's Kentucky Derby. The Blue Grass gave credence to what Stevens had been saying right along—"I still think he's the best 3-year-old."

Maybe yes, maybe no. It's possible that a dozen or more horses will show up for the Derby because no 3-year-old has been dominant. Plugged Nickle had appeared to be the best off his Florida form, but in his stretch run in the Wood on April 19, while racing clear on the lead, he suddenly drifted to the right. He had done this before, though never so glaringly. A horse usually "gets out" for one of two reasons: either he's tiring or he's hurting. Just why Plugged Nickle drifts remains a mystery.

Gold Stage, who ran evenly and commendably to finish third in the Blue Grass, could be returning to the form he had when he beat Plugged Nickle by four lengths in a six-furlong allowance race at Hialeah last February; he's a contender. The most romantic of all the Derby possibilities is the filly Genuine Risk. Only one female has ever won the race, Regret in 1915, and none has been entered since 1959, when Silver Spoon came in fifth. Genuine Risk ran well in the Wood, though she couldn't close much ground on Plugged Nickle, and immediately after the race her trainer, LeRoy Jolley, said he would save her for the rich filly races this spring. Bertram Firestone, whose wife owns Genuine Risk, apparently had other ideas, and she may go on Derby Day. A year ago, the Firestones were disappointed when their colt General Assembly finished second in the Derby. For those looking for a price, perhaps the best Derby bet is Super Moment. In the Blue Grass, coming from way off the pace, Super Moment closed four lengths on Rockhill Native, went the final eighth of a mile in :12⅘ and was going fastest of all in the end. And then there is Jaklin Klugman, the winner of last Saturday's Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs as well as the California Derby.

Jaklin Klugman, of course, is owned

continued



Margaret Oak, who finds herself irresistibly drawn to Rocky, introduced her husband Harry to racing



Favored Plugged Nickle, Buck Thornburg up, is banking on cashing in handsomely at Churchill Downs.



The speedy filly Genuine Risk could be just that

in part by Jack Klugman, the actor of *The Odd Couple* and *Quincy* fame. In the Stepping Stone he was best by far, winning by four lengths over Execution's Reason after coming from seventh place. All of which elated Klugman and co-owner John Dominguez, a landscaper from Sepulveda, Calif.

"A year ago I went to the Derby as a fan and met Harry and Teresa and Tom Meyerhoff [owners of Spectacular Bid]," said Klugman. "I wished them the best of luck and told them about a 2-year-old [Jaklin Klugman] I had that had yet to run, and what a thrill it must be to have a horse in tbe Derby. I told them I was crazy enough to think it also could happen to me. Now it has. For a horseplayer like myself this is the dream of a lifetime come true."

One thing is certain about this Derby. Rockhill Native, the little chestnut gelding who brought only $26,000 in a yearling sale at Keeneland two years ago, comes to Churchill Downs with a rare and formidable entourage—a trainer who is as patient and capable as he is certain of his horse, a jockey who can think on his horse's feet and an owner who hasn't intimated once that he's a genius at buying horses, who defers gladly to Stevens' every judgment.

Stevens is a hardboot born and raised in the Blue Grass country, and he has worked practically every corner of the business. He has been a breeder, trainer, breaker of yearlings, groom. He is in fact a fourth-generation horseman, and he relates, with evideot pride, tales of his great-grandfather, John Stevens, and his grandfather, Tom.

"They used to ride all over the country trading horses and mules," Stevens says. "My great-grandfather had a buggy and they had two horses, a bay and a gray. Both of 'em could fly. They would ride from town to town driving one horse and leading the other one behind the buggy. They'd stop at every little country town. Two miles outside town they'd hitch up the fresh horse, the one they'd been leading around, and then drive on in. Every town back in those days had some guy that had the fastest horse around. Could beat everybody. They'd find this guy and he'd get to braggin' about it, and finally my great-grandfather would say, 'Hell, I got a buggy horse that can beat *that* horse.' "

The sting was in. The town folks would figure there was no way Stevens' horse could win after pulling a buggy all day. The bets would go down, then great-grandad John would unhitch the buggy horse aod fit him with a saddle, and young Tom would climb aboard. "My grandfather once told me that they never lost a race," Stevens says.

Herb's father, James, a trainer in the tradition of grandfather Tom, saddled the winner of the Kentucky Oaks in 1887. Herb broke yearlings for his father in the '30s and rubbed horses, too, uotil the Army called him up in 1941. Three years later be landed at Omaha Beach and fought across Europe in a tank destroyer. After the war, oo Feb. 1, 1946, he set up shop as a trainer at Keeneland, choosing Barn 39 on a hilltop in a far corner

continued



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of the backstretch. Barn 39 has been his ever since.

"I like it that my horses, especially my young horses, have to make that long walk to the track and back again," Stevens says. "It gives them a chance to settle down and relax before they get back to the barn and cool out."

Stevens has made occasional forays to tracks in New York and New Jersey, but he has always kept his stable close to home—at Churchill Downs, Keeneland or River Downs, a minor league oval across the Ohio. Seventeen years ago he bought a 250-acre farm, which he calls Haven Hill, in Versailles, near Lexington. He boards broodmares there, a few being his own, and raises Angus cattle.

At Haven Hill he cares for the mares and weans the babies and breaks the yearlings and marches them to the racetrack. "He could have gone away many times to train a public stable, but he liked home," says Lady Louise. "He knew when he married me that I didn't like racetrack life. I'm just not suited for it. So many people on the racetrack are like nomads. Most people know us here. I have my church. We're part of a community."

Stevens remained so resolutely tied to his geography that if a good horse came into his hands, one too good for a River Downs, he might send him to a trainer at a better track. But not always. "I had some horses that were good that I kept around just because the people who owned them lived here and liked to see them run," Stevens says. "They didn't care about earnings. That's one reason why I won so many races at Churchill Downs, even more at River Downs. I had the best horses—shoot, I had horses that could win anywhere."

Rockhill Native was a good young horse he didn't give away, thanks to the amiability of Harry Oak. Oak, 69, was operations manager of United Parcel Service's Blue Label air service until he retired five years ago. His wife, Margaret, whose father was a blacksmith and farrier, urged him to get into racing. He bought Margaret a horse and liked it so much he got one himself in 1975, a yearling he called Tony's Game. He turned out to be a useful sort, winning a small stakes for Oak at River Downs. When he lost Tony's Game for $30,000 in a claiming race in 1978, Oak put the money in a bank. A few months later he and Stevens attended the September yearling sales at Keeneland. They had the $30,000 and decided not to spend a dime more. "We didn't get the first eight or 10 horses we bid on," Stevens says.

The next one they liked was a nice-looking little colt by Our Native out of Beanery, a daughter of the 1958 Belmont Stakes winner, Cavan. When the bidding stopped at $26,000, Harry Oak found himself with one slightly pudgy chestnut horse and $4,000 left over. "We said, 'Let's go,'" Stevens says. They gelded him right away—as Stevens does a lot of his colts, because, he says, it settles them down—and called him Rockhill Native. When time came to race him, Stevens didn't let him get away. "I just decided one day, made up my mind," he says. "If this is a good horse, then I'm going to have him. I'm going to have one good one in my lifetime, and I ain't going to send him to nobody else."

By the end of 1979, Rockhill Native had won six of nine starts, including the Sapling Stakes, the Belmont Futurity and the Cowdin, had earned $267,112 and, as noted, had been voted the best 2-year-old male in America.

Rocky, as Stevens calls the gelding now, came to 1980 as the winter-book favorite for the Derby. The horse had been a dream to train, and Oak had needed no training whatever. "One whale of a fine fellow," says Stevens. "You get an owner who's had as much success as he's had, and as quickly as he's had it, they get smarter than everybody and want to tell the trainer everything, but I say to him, 'Well, what do you think we should do now?' And he says, 'Don't ask me. By God, you're running this show.' All he wants me to do is tell him what I'm going to do so he can make reservations. He won't even offer an opinion."

The two men went their placid way, unruffled by what happened in Florida, where Rockhill Native won an allowance race and the Everglades but got whipped by 12 lengths in the Bahamas by Irish Tower, and got thumped again in the Flamingo, finishing third, six lengths behind Superbity.

Many wrote him off after that, but Stevens never gave up on him, insisting that nothing had been wrong with the horse, that the Hialeah racing surface had done him in. So he brought him back home to Keeneland, aiming for the Blue Grass. He won a prep race by almost seven, and he thrived in the bracing Kentucky air. "He's done good since he got home," Stevens said before the Blue Grass. "I don't think the horse could do any better, look any better. He got a little bloom on him. I expect him to win."

Which he did, earning $84,207.50, and in a manner suggesting that he is as good as he ever was, if not better, and that he'll take a lot of beating at the Downs. Oldham rode him superbly. "I told him to ride the horse the way the race comes up," Stevens says. "No use me confusing him by telling him how to ride a horse I've never been on." Oldham followed instructions perfectly. Rockhill Native was on the rail going to the first turn, with Doonesbury threatening to pinch him on the fence, but Oldham went on with his horse, letting him roll to the lead and relax.

"He can run on the lead," Oldham says, "so I wasn't concerned to find us there. What I like about him is he picks it up on his own. When he does that, I've got to let him do his thing."

He let him do it all down the backside. The colt bounced along on top, and Oldham let him be. Gold Stage tried him but Rocky didn't let him get close, and around the turn and through the lane the race was his. Oldham worked on him in the stretch, tapping him three times to keep him busy. "I tried to get him to go all out," he says. "For the Derby, I didn't want it to be too easy for him today and have him come up short there. I did want him to get tired today." He won by two lengths in 1:50 for the nine furlongs, looking decidedly the best.

Oldham returned the horse to the winner's circle and the sweet confusion, to the cheering of the hometown crowd for the hometown man. "This is the biggest day I've had in racing," Stevens said at least a dozen times, adding reflectively, "I grew up with horses. I love horses. I love to develop young horses. You take the raw material and see how far you can go with them. It's like with Rockhill Native. You start out with something, but you don't have any idea if he has any value at all, except what you paid for him when you bought him. And then to develop him into a champion—well, you just *know* that you've accomplished something in life." **END**

HERE IT COMES, SPECIAL DELIVERY

Batters dread facing Reliever Kent Tekulve, whoae aidearm pitches arrive by way of third baae, but in Pittsburgh he'a earned the atamp of approval

by ***BOB OTTUM***

The important thing right away is to ease up on all this slander about Kent Tekulve's looks. Scarecrow indeed. Bean pole. Stork. Ichabod Crane. It has been said he could hide behind a pencil, or that he occasionally misplaces his shadow. One sportswriter, no doubt reaching for a simile after a long day in the blazing sun, wrote that Tekulve looks like a poster child for an anti-scurvy campaign. Tekulve reads that last observation and looks wounded—which he does extremely well. "Aw, come on," he says. "Now that's going too far, you guys."

It sure is. Fun's fun, but the plain truth is that this man is streamlined. There are degrees of such things, and this doesn't mean that he's smooth like an old Airflow De Soto—he's more jagged than that—but he is streamlined just the same. Tekulve is 6′ 4″ and weighs perhaps 170 pounds, although as the season wears on, even he will lose weight. When he stands on the mound contemplating a batter, the angles and planes and hollows of his body fall in a fine, logical sequence from his sloping shoulders. If Tekulve were to stand perfectly still in the sculpture garden at the Museum of Modern Art, strollers would pause to admire him and nod in approval.

This sort of body structure, early lanky, also tends to create an air of fragility and slight confusion, which is just dandy with Tekulve. As everybody in Pittsburgh now knows, it's all part of the plan. He comes out of the Pirate bullpen looking as if he had been lightly spot-welded at the joints, and from the bleachers there is an impression that he clinks and clanks when he walks. He peers nearsightedly toward home plate as if to say, "I can't quite see you, but I know somebody's there." He looks down at the ball cradled in his glove as if he had no idea what in the world it could be. He shakes his head to the catcher, agreeing on the signs. And then his right arm starts whipping around in this wide arc, and down go the hitters, either swinging wildly or scattering ground balls all over the infield. This, assuredly, ain't no scarecrow or Ichabod Crane, folks. There is not another pitcher in the major leagues—starter, reliever or what have you—with a move anything like Tekulve's.

It wasn't just Willie Stargell who emerged from last year's World Series as a world champion and a folk hero. Consider Kent Tekulve and his Magic Sidearm. His appearances were late-inning cameos, wonderful and improbable walk-ons by a guy who didn't look as if he could do it. He relieved in five of the seven Series games and he saved three of the four Pirate victories, allowing only one single from 16 batters in the last two games.

Says Pittsburgh Manager Chuck Tanner, "I keep reminding Tekulve that he's ugly. I mean *ugly*. But, I swear, when he comes ambling out there in the ninth inning, he looks just like Paul Newman to me."

The Series was postseason frosting on a cake Tekulve had been baking all year. The last game of that contest marked ap-

continued

Until the very end, a hitter could be forgiven for thinking Tekulve was throwing to someone else


TEJADA
37
PIRATES
27

pearance No. 101 in '79. Before the playoffs and Series began, he had appeared in 94 games, more than any other major league pitcher, saving 31, matching a club record for the second season in a row. He also emerged with a 2.65 lifetime ERA and a new gunmetal-blue Datsun 280 ZX, a little present to himself for making it through the year. The roof line of the car catches him at about mid-thigh, and pleating his body in and out of it kept him in shape through the winter.

With all this, one would think that Tekulve might also have won the N.L.'s Fireman of the Year award. It was close, but that designation went to Chicago's Bruce Sutter. Still, Sutter didn't play left-field—left*field*?—as Tekulve also did in an emergency, and, golly, he made the final putout.

The triumphs of the last two seasons have brought fame and fans to Tekulve. Grown-ups besiege him and children follow him around when he leaves the ball park. People surround his table at Pittsburgh restaurants, happily approving the prime ribs and baked potatoes: Attaboy, eat, *eat*, it's going to be a long season. A few weeks ago he slipped into a department store to buy a box of diapers for his infant son Jonathan, and there was bedlam. "I stood there signing everything from pillowcases to sales receipts," he says, "and before I knew it, two hours had passed. My wife was waiting at home, wet child in her arms. Then it got to be three hours, and still people kept coming. I started getting this hopeless thought, 'By the time I get out of here my son will be toilet-trained.' "

Has success spoiled Kent Tekulve? No way. His just-swing-it-on-around pitching motion is relatively easy on the arm, and he has other survival secrets. Tekulve is wryly thoughtful, given to rummaging around in his psyche and nodding pleasantly at all the wonderful baseball things he has learned.

He understands the peculiarities of other pitchers, for example. "Some of the strong-arm regulars in this game are a bit strange," he says. "I mean the overhead, 100-mile-an-hour guys."

Tekulve is hunched forward on his clubhouse stool. He is wearing two articles of clothing: cotton underdrawers of the style your grandmother called snuggies, and over that, tattered long-john bottoms that extend to mid-calf. Both garments reveal moth holes. He is also wearing oversize aviator glasses with photo-gray lenses; they darken or brighten with every nuance of light, maybe even match his moods.

"Some of these fastball pitchers tend to think of their arm as something with a life all its own," he says. "They give it anthropomorphic qualities, as if it wasn't even attached. I mean, they hold real *dialogues* with their arms like, um, like Mark Fidrych talks to a ball." The conversations, Tekulve muses, go something like this.

Pitcher: Hello, arm. How are you feeling today?

Arm: I won't lie to you. I got a twinge.

Pitcher: My God! A *twinge*? Oh, my God, where?

Arm: Right here, at the bicep. I'm surprised you don't feel it.

Pitcher: Oh, Lord. I do now.

"Now, in an odd sort of way," Tekulve says, "this kind of madness actually makes sense for a power pitcher who lives in constant fear of blowing himself out. Baseball is full of sore-arm tragedies. But that's not for me. Physiologically, your arm is built to hang at your side. It follows that if you can pitch as closely as possible to that position you're O.K. Throwing overhead, the muscles are all out of position; they lift up off the bone. But mine don't. I follow the contours of the way my arms are built."

Hearing this, Tanner nods in agreement, but the wonder of Tekulve's sidearming leaves him inarticulate. "I don't know how to explain it," he says. "It's a natural motion, not forced. It's like, you know, it's like when a person walks. People walk with their arms swinging naturally at their sides, right? They don't walk around holding one arm up over their shoulder, see what I mean? Well, then. That's *it*, you see?"

"Come to think of it," says Tekulve, "maybe I do look a little like Paul Newman at that."

"No you don't, either," says Tanner. "Y're ugly is what you are. I mean really ugly."

They grin widely at each other. This is a doting father-and-favorite-son exchange with them. Tanner has an honest, open face, and for the briefest flicker of a moment he looks as if he might reach down, snatch Tekulve up off the stool and hug him.

Besides, they're both wrong. Tekulve looks much more like the young Jimmy Stewart of *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, with his head held forward earnestly, Adam's apple bobbing periodically. Well, to be perfectly accurate, a young Jimmy Stewart before orthodontics. Tekulve has a slight overbite, which gives him advantages not available to those with straight choppers and steady, open grins. Tekulve's smiles can range from aw, shucks to a positively wolf-like leer. And there are times when that lupine grin, aimed at home plate, has a chilling effect.

As for his delivery, Tekulve is candid about what it can and cannot do. "I only have three basic pitches," he says. "A fastball, a slider and a changeup. Mostly, the slider. It comes in at about, oh, 89 miles an hour; there's plenty of time for a hitter to look at it. But then, ideally, about eight or 10 feet away from the plate, it will suddenly break and drop, from maybe eight inches to a foot. The harder I throw it, the less it'll break; the slower I throw, the more it'll break—and sooner."

"It humps in the middle," says Tanner. "It leaves Teke's hand and rises a

A family man on a family team, Tekulve sprawls



bit, then starts down. As if that's not bad enough, the way it's spinning, if a guy gets a hat on it he hits it into the ground. Teke here will murder you with ground balls."

They both make it sound easy enough, but virtually every top major league pitcher has a slider in his repertoire. The extra deception here lies in where the ball is coming from. There is no sight in baseball quite as nifty as Tekulve's long right arm swinging far around, slightly below waist level, and then the ball zinging in from somewhere halfway between second and third base.

A righthanded hitter hates this, hates every second of it. With Tekulve out there, he must take a godawful uncomfortable stance at the plate, with his head cocked crazily and his chin resting on his left shoulder in order to spot the ball coming in. Lefties, with a better view, don't feel quite so put-upon. That's why Tekulve gets shelled from time to time, as he was in losing Game 4 of the Series when Baltimore's Earl Weaver left-handed him to death. But from either side, when Tekulve's slider is darting and dipping, the batters could be standing on their heads for all the difference it would make.

Kenton Charles Tekulve began playing ball in Fairfield, Ohio when he was 9 years old. "Even in those days I was lanky," he says. "All elbows and kneecaps. I did all the usual, predictable childhood things. Played Little League and Babe Ruth ball and played in high school—Hamilton Catholic. Not a bad school then, but it's much improved now; they've let girls in. You know, I was even a hitter. No, really. I stopped being a hitter the day some kid finally learned how to throw a curve."

Tekulve started pitching at 11, throwing fastballs that seemed to lead a life of their own, often rattling off the concession stands, and it wasn't until his sophomore year at Ohio's Marietta College that the roundhouse sidearm was perfected. "All of a sudden, everything was in sync," he says. "Maybe the motion evolved from my pitiful body. I wasn't strong then, either; I've never been strong. I can't throw using my chest and shoulder muscles—what muscles?—so I drive my arm by using my legs and lower back. It's a pivot-like swing. And today, where typical fastball pitchers get sore arms, I will occasionally get an ache in the backs of my thighs, of all places."

So Tekulve got into sync, and you can guess the rest, right? The headlines: ACE COLLEGE HURLER DRAFTED, followed by LANKY ROOKIE STUNS SOX; and the autobiography, *My Rise to Fame*, or *Sidearming to Glory*.

It didn't happen quite that way. Tekulve wasn't drafted. He was more or less offhandedly invited to a tryout at Pittsburgh's Forbes Field in July of 1969. And when he got there nobody asked him to pitch—"I just sort of lolled around in the stands and watched." As it turned out, the snub was deliberate: Tekulve's performance in that morning's 60-yard dash had been just about the funniest thing the coaches had seen all year. The flailing of long arms and legs had left them chuckling and nudging each other in the ribs. "Now that's ridiculous," Tekulve told them. "If I could run, I'd be stealing bases. Listen, you guys, I'm a *pitcher*." As a sop they let him hang around and throw a few after everybody else had gone home—and, yep, Tekulve was signed on the spot. Two nights later he was pitching relief for the Class A Geneva (N.Y.) Pirates. In 1974, six and a half years and four minor league teams later, he was called up to Pittsburgh. Ready, at last, for *Sidearming to Glory*?

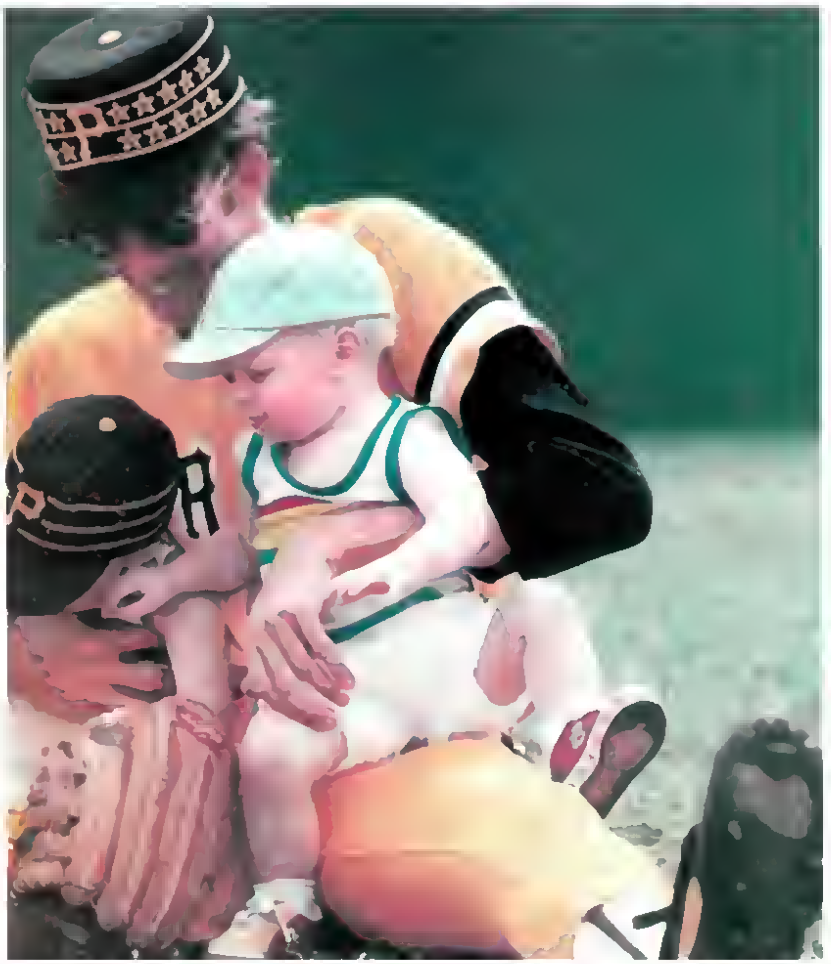
Not quite. Tekulve is a contemplative sort who has moved at his own pace. Between his first two minor league seasons he finished college (taking his degree in education). He has always carried a mental picture of himself as an instructor standing in front of an Ohio high school class in a three-piece suit, even if his growing celebrity now makes that dream improbable.

He enjoyed the seasons spent getting to Pittsburgh. "I was young and single and I was getting paid," he says. "Not much, but I didn't need much. I still hold the world record for sustained survival on Mrs. Smith's frozen chicken pot pies. They were cheap and really gluey and good. I ate two of them every day for my dinner for *years*. If I had had a good day—a save or something—I would pay myself a bonus, a turkey pot pie."

After joining the Pirates, Tekulve discovered that, on Monday nights at the

continued

in the Florida sun during spring training with two of his best fans, Christopher, 2, and Jonathan, 1.



Quality Courts motel in North Versailles, the drinks were free to Pittsburgh players. It was there in the summer of 1975 that he met Linda Taylor, a perky blonde with a disarming smile.

Tekulve was instantly smitten—but with those photo-grays, who could've known? Inside the bar, the lenses had darkened down to where he figured he looked coolly aloof, possibly even handsome and mysterious.

"We were both being terribly suave," he says. "This is the moment where strangers try to impress each other. And our very first conversation went something like this:

"I said to her, 'Hi, there. I'm a baseball player.'

"And she said, 'Oh, really? Well, I'm a baseball fan.'

"And I said, 'Oh, really? What's your favorite team?'

"And she said, 'Oh, I don't know. The, uh, the Chicago Dodgers.' "

Today Kent and Linda live in a new five-bedroom house in the Upper St. Clair suburb of Pittsburgh's South Hills—an area that is always preceded by the word posh—with sons Christopher, 2½, and Jonathan, 1. The sporting celebrity life is a good one, and it is a measure of Tekulve's renown that, in the dark stillness of the early mornings in the big new house, Christopher awakens and shouts, "Yay, *Daddy*." He doesn't know why he says it yet, but it always brings his old man around to pick him up and kiss him.

And now Tekulve is 33 years old, in his prime and president of the bullpen that Pittsburgh has come to love and depend on. Grant Jackson and Enrique Romo relieve early, Tekulve always comes in late, but ready. The sidearm motion is but one of the survival secrets he figures will keep him in baseball for years to come. He stares at the backs of his huge, gnarled hands and tells about some of the others.

"The toughest problem in baseball is to keep yourself pumped for 162 games a year," he says, "which is why the everyday player hits strange emotional flat spots in midseason. But in my case, it's not allowed. I always seem to come in with the game on the line and I can't af-

As soon as the Orioles went down, Tekulve went up, having relieved in three of the Series wins.

ford to be flat, ever. But I've thought it all out and I've got it solved.

"If I can't fully bear down on 162 games, well, I can concentrate on, say, 81. So I divide every game in half. I even did it in the Series. I never zero in on the first five innings of any game. I'm the last guy on the team to suit up. I'll wander around the clubhouse in my underwear and shower slippers, sometimes just sort of vacantly swinging a five-pound dumbbell with my right arm. Then, after the game starts, I'll sit in the clubhouse and answer fan mail or perhaps stare into space. I'm peripherally aware of the TV monitor or a radio account of the game, but not consciously. And *then*, starting with the fifth inning, I bear down. I concentrate on every move. Innings five and six take me all through the other team's lineup. I watch carefully so that I know who's doing what to whom. And then, from the seventh inning on, I'm ready to go in, and I'm fresh."

He is, indeed. When Tanner waves him into a game, Tekulve is vibrating with intensity. The bulletin boards of his mind are lined with strategies and theories of chance. Then, before he ever throws a ball, he shuts down his field of focus until, he swears, he can see only the hitter, the strike zone and the catcher's mitt. Not the entire catcher, not the umpire and *never* the stands.

The way Tekulve sees it, peering out through the photo-grays, is that he must now play pitcher for the Pirates, plus manager of the other team—which is why his eighth- and ninth-inning appearances are always mini-dramas within the overall game. "Got to maneuver them," he mutters to himself. "Dictate to them, move 'em around where I want them. I've got their batting orders, averages, possible injuries, career histories and lifestyles posted inside my mind. Is Garry Maddox walking maybe a little funny because he's secretly got an ankle taped under his socks, or is he going to try and steal on me? Greg Luzinski's coming up, I see. Get to you in a minute, Greg, just stand by." And around comes the streamlined right arm.

"If I can get them to ground out on my first pitch, then I'm really managing them," Tekulve says. "That's the idea, getting them out with a minimum of pitches. Fewer I throw today, more I'll have for tomorrow, and if I'm going to pitch in 90 or more games a year, conservation is everything. There's no use running the count to three-and-two all the time; I don't need that kind of drama." And then he smiles his lupine smile, eyeteeth shining wetly. "Of course, the only problem with this wonderful scenario of mine is that sometimes I overmanage and underpitch."

He shrugs at the thought. "Well, look at it this way. Relief pitchers only come in two brands—the power pitchers and the analytical ones. Rich Gossage is power, he just stands up there and blows it right past them. I don't have the one outstanding big pitch. So it becomes a game of great cunning. Lord, I *love* it. I can see that slider in my mind's eye before it ever leaves my hand—and the ball actually jumps into focus about halfway to the plate. I guess I'm about the world's ugliest human at the exact instant I release the ball—my head snaps around and my cheeks flap and I'm all distorted—but then it breaks just right, and what a *feeling!*"

The catcher Tekulve says he never fully sees is usually Ed Ott, who is also his best friend on the ball club. Occasionally Ott goes out to the mound. For those watching on TV, the announcer usually intones something somber, like "Tekulve seems to be laboring. Ott is out there trying to calm him down."

"Well," Ott confesses, "not exactly. You see, Teke is calm no matter what's going on. He's all concentration. I just want to give both of us a breather. Say we're playing in Philadelphia. So I just stroll out there and we assume this confidential crisis position, our heads together. And I say, 'Lissen, dummy, I hate to rush you on a lovely summer evening like this, but I've got a table reserved at Bookbinders in about a half an hour and I'm hungry.' Then I'll stroll on back, looking serious for all the fans, and Teke will strike out whoever is left."

Now Tekulve starts pulling on the rest of his uniform, layering up, as baseball players do. He shoulders into the top half of an old gray T shirt—the bottom has been hacked away raggedly so that it leaves a bare midriff. This shirt, too, is full of tiny holes. In fact, all of the other half-dressed players around him look like this. It is now clear that the Pittsburgh roster carries 25 players and 10 million moths. Tekulve thoughtfully tapes on his long socks and gaiters. Everything has No. 27 stenciled on it. On the little finger of Tekulve's right hand is a chunky gold signet ring with 27 emblazoned in diamonds. "My new Z-car has a No. 27 license plate," he says. "Our family station wagon has a TEKE-27 license plate. I'm planning on getting Linda a new car, and the plates will say MRS 27. Egads, I've lost my identity."

Tekulve rises, coming off his stool in one streamlined motion, and shuffles in his shower slippers over to the training room. He peels off the half T shirt and holds it in one hand, then does a slow turn in front of Trainer Tony Bartirome.

The trainer circles Tekulve, looking him over and shaking his head mournfully. He has the look of a sculptor who can't quite figure out where to chisel next.

"All right," Tekulve says. "You think perhaps you can put this marvelous body back together for just one more game?"

"Jeez, I don't know," Bartirome says. "Listen, are you *sure* you're a big league ballplayer?"

"You know the rules," Tekulve says. "If I save the game, it's because I'm in such wonderful condition. If they shell me, it's the trainer's fault."

Bartirome stretches Tekulve out on the table and artfully arranges his limbs, as a mortician might. Then he forcefully pulls Tekulve's right shoulder and arm around and tucks the shoulder under Tekulve's chin. "There's not another pitcher in the big leagues who can duplicate this move," he says. "Tekulve's body is all loose and supple, not musclebound." Then he massages Vita Oil into the shoulder.

"I think the Pirates are the only club in baseball that use this stuff," Tekulve says. "It's got liniment in it and maybe 11 secret herbs and spices, plus a shot of baby oil. The action of the baby oil serves to gradually release the heat from the liniment. And between games, we fry chicken in it."

And Tekulve rises, his shoulder shining and smelling fiercely pungent. "Time for the world's ughest pitcher to get suited up," he says.

Tanner has come around to watch this operation, and now he waits until Tekulve has shuffled out of earshot. The manager leans over confidentially. "Y'know what?" he says. "That Tekulve. He ain't really ugly. You've seen him pitch. Man, he's beautiful." END

IS THIS HORSE A

by ***DOUGLAS S. LOONEY***

As unbeaten Niatross eyes the 1980 season, there is talk, not altogether fanciful, that the pacer may become a legend of Dan Patchian proportions

"What you have to understand," one of the owners of a 3-year-old harness horse named Niatross was saying, "is that he may turn out to be the greatest colt that ever raced." What you also have to understand, of course, is that he may not; indeed, the odds being what they are, he probably won't. Still, a horseman without hopes in the spring is a horseman with no hopes at all. And in the case of the undefeated pacer Niatross—who is valued at a record $12 million—the hopes are sky high.

If they are realized, 100 years from now people who have no knowledge of standardbreds will know about Niatross (pronounced nigh-a-tross), much as people who are ignorant of thoroughbreds know about Man o' War. Mark him down. Niatross—"Nia" for Niagara Acres near Buffalo, where one of his owners, Mrs. Elsie Berger, 71, lives; "tross" for the third syllable of his famous father's name, Albatross.

In the 173-year history of standardbred racing there have been only a few certified legends. One was the pacer Dan



Patch in the early 1900s. Men smoked Dan Patch cigars, women washed clothes in Dan Patch washing machines and Dan traveled in his own private railroad car. He finally retired in 1909 after 10 undefeated seasons (he lost two heats but never a race) and nine world records. Another was the great gray trotter Greyhound, whose record of 1:55¼ for the mile, set in 1938, lasted 31 years. A third was the pacer Bret Hanover, who won a record 35 races in a row in 1964 and 1965. Niatross could be the fourth and foremost.

"I'm not overly high on Niatross," insists one of the owners, Lou Guida, of Trenton, N.J., "because I don't want to be overly disappointed. But I have to confess he has the potential to be a storybook horse."

Last year as a 2-year-old Niatross won 13 of 13 starts, a feat approaching Bret Hanover's 24 for 24 as a 2-year-old 16 years ago. Niatross won $604,900 in 1979, far more than any 2-year-old standardbred—or thoroughbred—ever did. A conservative guess as to what his winnings might come to this year is more than $1 million, which would surpass the record $826,542 won by Hot Hitter in 1979. Despite Hot Hitter's haul, Niatross was named horse of the year, an honor almost always reserved for older animals.

Niatross didn't just beat his opponents, he devastated them. In a sport in which photo finishes are commonplace, Niatross has never won by less than three-quarters of a length. Nor has he ever had a whip put to him by Clint Galbraith, who trains him, drives him and owns one-quarter of him—unless you count the time at Louisville Downs last year when Galbraith flicked him a couple of times on the saddle pad because "he was getting a little dozy."

In his most impressive race, the $862,750 Woodrow Wilson Memorial at The Meadowlands in August, Niatross defeated a classy field in a sizzling 1:55.4.

"If you were constructing a horse," says Robert Boni, a vice-pres- *continued*

LEGEND IN THE MAKING?





Trainer-co-owner Galbraith says he feels like the Angel Gabriel when he drives Niatross. His real-life angel, Elsie Berger, takes it all in stride



ident of New York's Pine Hollow Stud Farm, "there is very, very little that he has that you wouldn't use. He's sound, big, strong, with great breeding, manners, speed and gait. He has the license to be good." Veteran trainer-driver Billy Haughton told Guida, "Niatross is flawless." Yet, in this iffy, iffy business, disaster has a habit of lying just one step ahead. "Whatever happens, we will take it in stride," says Mrs. Berger, who has 25% of the horse.

The ownership of Niatross seems appropriate. Mrs. Berger, who describes herself as a "simple little woman," has been in the horse business for years—some successful, some not. Galbraith has been her trainer for 22 years. Two years ago she gave Galbraith half ownership in a pregnant mare named Niagara Dream. Thus, he also had half ownership of the resulting foal, who was Niatross. Over the years, they have shared in many horse deals, which can be a hodgepodge involving breeding rights, training fees, stakes payments, stud payments, board, general upkeep. Sometimes money changes hands, sometimes not.

"Why wouldn't I give away part of the horses?" says Mrs. Berger. "I knew Clint's father and now his family. We're all like family, and families take care of their own. Besides, I'm getting older. But in my mature years, this is exciting."

Not least to the tracks where Niatross might appear after his 3-year-old debut at Vernon Downs near Syracuse, N.Y. on May 17. Buffalo Raceway is counting on him for late June. General Manager Gaston Valiquette says that to promote the appearance of the colt, he has ordered 25,000 color photos of Niatross—and 50,000 16-ounce plastic beer cups bearing a likeness of the horse's head. Valiquette says, "Everyone wants to be able to say, 'I was there.'"

Galbraith, the man charged with being there every step of the way, sat on the hood of a car the other day at the Ben White training track in Orlando, Fla., where Niatross spent the winter, watching the colt being washed off. "He has filled out quite a bit since last year," Galbraith said, "especially in his hindquarters, and he should be a more powerful horse this year. When I drive him, I feel like the Angel Gabriel on a chariot. You sit behind him and you know the difference between a pro and an amateur. He has that extra something. Frankly, I think he's at the point where people don't want to see him get beat. There are going to be a lot of anxious moments. And a lot of thrills."

When the days get hotter and the purses bigger, it may turn out to be an advantage that Niatross raced only 13 times last year. Guida admits to only one serious reservation about the colt, that "he hasn't been required to make a speed performance when he was really up against the wall. I'm sure when it happens, he'll come through good."

Others are not so sanguine. Tom Crouch, an owner-breeder from Oak Brook, Ill., says, "Somebody can come out of the pack and beat this colt. Great horses dominate, don't they? Well, I don't think Niatross can. But I also know there are a lot of people who say if he's worth so much money, he must be terrific."

There are other caveats. For example, can Niatross win when he's having an off day? At Hanover Shoe Farms, where Albatross stands, public relations director Murray Brown says, "Every horse has a bottom. We'll have to see what his is and how good he is." There have been rumors that Niatross has had knee problems, but Galbraith sniffs, "With a horse like this, there are always a lot of people talking when it's none of their business. Nothing's wrong with Niatross." And horsemen whisper that while Galbraith is a thorough, professional driver, he's not a veteran of the Grand Circuit. "You watch me," says Galbraith. "I'm not going to drive this turkey all over the track."

More than anyone else, Lou Guida hopes not. After all, the 46-year-old Merrill Lynch executive (he's in charge of the Trenton, Toms River and Princeton offices) and harness horse wheeler-dealer spent $4 million last summer for a half interest in Niatross, when the colt had only raced six times. The deal to buy Nia-

continued



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tross was classic Guida. At that time Galbraith and Mrs. Berger each owned 50%. She says, "We really didn't want to sell, but Mr. Guida was so insistent. Very insistent. My, was he ever insistent." Guida found himself locked in a desperate bidding war with another of the sport's big spenders, Alan Leavitt. At $4 million, neither showed signs of blinking. Then Guida got an idea.

He called Galbraith one night and said that in addition to the $4 million (half to Clint, half to Elsie), he would give Galbraith the following incentive bonuses: if Niatross is undefeated through his 3-year-old year, $500,000; if he wins the Triple Crown, $250,000; if he breaks the alltime mile record (a time-trial 1:52 by Steady Star in 1971), $250,000; if he breaks the race record (1:53 by Abercrombie in 1979), $250,000. Total: $1,250,000. "And let me tell you," said Guida to Galbraith, "if this horse isn't good enough to do most of these things, then I'm grossly overpaying at $4 million." Said Galbraith, "It's a deal."

Whereupon Guida spent $1,200 to charter a plane from Trenton to Rochester to get Galbraith's signature. "I was glad Alan was bidding on the horse," says Guida, "because if I'm the only bidder, I feel twice as apprehensive." Said Leavitt later, "I would have paid $7½ million." But Guida had him foxed and boxed. For Guida told Galbraith that not only would he have to agree to the offer at that moment, but he also could neither accept nor make any more telephone calls that night.

So why did Galbraith and Mrs. Berger sell? Says Galbraith, "Well, for the $4 million, maybe more. That gives us a little security." But while they collect their millions (over 10 years) from Guida, is the horse *worth* millions? Elsie says, "That remains to be seen."

For Guida, it had better be seen, lest his visions of grandeur be blurred. In this year's crop of 3-year-old trotters, Guida is half owner of Rodney's Best, also thought to be the class of his class. That cost him $1.5 million, mention of which prompts Guida to give a cavalier wave of his hand. "I'm not looking to save," he says. "I'm looking to spend. What I really would like is to be so big that on some huge horse deal, if a guy showed up an hour late, I could say, 'You're late. Deal's off.' I'm not that big. The important thing is that Rodney's Best looks like a shoo-in to win the Hambletonian."

That is spoken like a true novice. But Guida is a true believer in Guida. His favorite maxim: "Whatever the mind of man can conceive and believe, it can achieve."

Guida owns all or part of 85 broodmares and 22 racehorses. His goal is to own a piece of the eight or 10 best stallions, while retaining controlling say-so in their management. "It's a business of dreams," says Guida, "but it's so easy. I buy racehorses and opportunities."

Guida has long been able to take advantage of opportunity. He shined shoes in Jersey City until he realized a way to make more money was to get other shoeshine boys to work for him. He got a job as a typist for a pencil company for $28 a week—and saved most of it. He went to TV repair school. At one point he opened a car wash in Morrisville, Pa. "and started making very serious money." By age 30, he had $400,000 in cash "and I was going to own the world."

One night, Ed Moriarity, then manager of the Trenton Merrill Lynch office, showed up at the car wash and drove his new green Cadillac convertible onto the belt. Guida was so proud. The car started through but, inexplicably, the car behind the Caddie got loose and crashed into it. Guida was dumbstruck. He raced into the car wash to prevent further damage, yelling to his one employee—who couldn't speak English—to shut off the power. The power stayed on. Guida's foot got caught in the conveyor belt.

He was dragged through the jet wax, dragged through the rinse, and has a vivid recollection of glimpsing the sign: YOU ARE NOW PASSING THROUGH THE MOST POWERFUL BLOW DRYER IN THE WORLD. Finally, the machine was shut off. "Lou," Moriarity said, "you don't need this. Why don't you come to work for Merrill Lynch?" Says Guida, "He caught me at a weak moment."

In 1974, after going to the Liberty Bell track in Philadelphia with a friend, Guida took his first plunge into the buying of harness horses. He got involved with poor trainers and cheap horses and spent a lot of time wandering around the barns looking for a guy named Clem. "I was blinded," he admits. "I wanted to be taken. I was going to buck the odds and be a hero. Look at me, a big, tough businessman, and I'm telling some person I barely know to go spend whatever he wants on a horse. I'd never run my business that way. Why did I do it? Well, why do middle-aged men leave their wives for 18-year-old girls? It's thoughts of glamour. I bought every piece of junk that came down the road."

By the end of 1974 Guida had lost $300,000. One of his friends, a Floridian named Jack Sisto, says, "Thank God for wealthy guys on ego trips or this business would fall apart. How else would someone spend $90,000 or more on a yearling, never get him to the races, and come back next year for more?"

In the years since '74, Guida has kept coming back, but not for cheap horses, and not without some thought to his financial hide. "I'm not greedy," he says "I'm quick to spread the risk."

Proof is that while he bought half of Niatross, he has already sold 37½% of the colt at what he estimates will be a $1.5 million profit over 10 years. This leaves Guida with 12½% ownership, his favorite percentage, and as syndicate manager, a strong say in Niatross' future. "I *think* Niatross is a great horse," says the canny Guida, "But if I *knew* he was that great, would I be selling?" **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



For $4 million, stockbroker Guida ended up in the driver's seat

by Anita Verschoth



On his way to an unexpected triumph, Homfeld takes Balbuco—or vice versa—cleanly over a hurdle

The home court advantage

O.K., arena advantage, but with the World Cup held in Baltimore, it was fitting that Conrad Homfeld and Melanie Smith of the U.S. rode off with the top honors

Between banners of blue and white silk they gathered last week in Baltimore, the best Grand Prix riders in the world, amateur and professional, to compete head to head for only the second time. And it proved worth that city's efforts to stage the new Fédération Équestre Internationale World Cup as Conrad Homfeld and Melanie Smith, Americans both, took first and second against the traditionally stronger Europeans.

Until last year the expense of transporting great numbers of riders and their horses from one continent to another had seemed prohibitive. A few Americans made it to Europe each year to compete in a few events, and some Europeans came here, but an international meet of any real scope had been out of the question until Max le Magnifique applied himself to the problem. Max is Max Ammann, a 41-year-old former political correspondent from Bern, Switzerland, who as a hobby used to write about jumping competitions. He had studied the sport well and could tell you, for instance, that the first recorded jumping contest was held in 1864 as part of an agricultural show in Dublin, and that it included a "high leap" and a "long leap."

More to the immediate point, in 1978 Ammann hammered out the details of a proposed World Cup with the president of the FEI, Britain's Prince Philip. He also rounded up the money. The first Cup, in Göteborg, Sweden, was underwritten by Volvo, which now sponsors the competition to the tune of $300,000 annually. This year the Dutch Ministry of Agriculture matched Volvo's contribution, and, a nice touch, provided sterling silver tulips for the winners of seven of the 11 European qualifying competitions.

In the U.S., sports agent-impresario Mark McCormick's international management group got into the act, soliciting sponsors such as Carte Blanche ($450,000 for two years), Würzburger beer and Mercedes-Benz. It cost some $600,000 to put on the event in Baltimore and treat the Europeans in the style to which they are accustomed—free transportation for man and mount, free hotel rooms and stabling, and free hay, at least for the horses. American riders usually pay their own expenses.

The European contingent in Baltimore was led by Britain's 40-year-old David Broome, a Welshman, whom many consider the best show jumper in the world. He had led on the European circuit from the start, winning four events and amassing 54 points, 17 more than Hugo Simon of Austria, the defending Cup champion. Broome has been one of the world's most active trophy collectors for the past 25 years, with individual bronze medals from the 1960 and '68 Olympics and individual golds from one World and three European championships. A professional since 1974, Broome earns about $200,000 a year in appearance fees and prize money.

The top performer in the North American league, with 42 points after the eight American qualifying events, was Bernie Traurig, a 35-year-old from Hartland, Wis. who rides jumpers for Mr. and Mrs. William Van Dyke of Milwaukee. Van Dyke, a vice-president of an investment corporation, owns a string of notable horses that includes The Cardinal, Traurig's favored mount between 1975 and '79, and Eaden Vale, the 9-year-old chestnut gelding on which he won two World Cup qualifications this season.

Last week's World Cup finals consisted of three events on three days, with all

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competitors starting with zero points. In the first two competitions, points were awarded to the top 16 finishers on a scale from 20 to one. In the last event on Sunday, the spread ranged from 30 for first to 1½ for 16th place. Prize money, supplied by Carte Blanche, amounted to $14,000 for each of the first two competitions, with $4,200 going to the winner, and twice that on the final day. It is customary for prize money to be paid to amateur riders, who, officially, turn their earnings over to the horse owners.

Broome and Traurig had to be considered the co-favorites, but in Grand Prix jumping even the most knowledgeable aficionado doesn't dare predict a winner. One fault—a rail kicked off the top of a fence by a hoof, one block nudged from a 5′ 6″ wall, a landing inches short of clearance of a water jump—will almost certainly ruin a rider's chances. So it was for both Broome and Traurig. Broome's Queensway Sportsman, a 15-year-old bay gelding, kicked a block off the wall in the second round on the first night, dropping Broome to ninth place, with only eight points. Traurig's Eaden Vale had a knockdown in each of the opening night's two rounds, leaving him in 14th place, with three points, and beyond hope for the overall championship. So much for the two most successful riders on the World Cup circuit.

Six riders survived the two rounds without faults for a jump-off against the clock—Smith, Terry Rudd and Michael Matz of the U.S. and Lutz Merhel, Heinrich-Wilhelm Johansmann and Paul Schockemöhle of West Germany. When it was over, the first-night blue ribbon and the winning purse went to Smith, a down-to-earth 30-year-old amateur from Germantown, Tenn., and her 7-year-old Dutch-bred bay gelding Calypso, owned by Stillmeadow Farm in Stonington, Conn.

Smith had shot to the top in one sense out of nowhere. She hadn't been riding to qualify for the Cup, feeling that Calypso was too young to be pushed for both the Cup and the Olympics, which until the boycott had been her main goal: she had finished 10th on the North American circuit. At the last minute a rereading of the *FEI rule* as applied to host countries increased the number of North American riders from eight to 10, qualifying Smith and the celebrated pro, Rodney Jenkins.

Despite her dismal pre-World Cup season, Smith certainly belonged in Baltimore. The national amateur champion in 1970, she joined the U.S. Equestrian Team in 1975 and last year won a team gold medal at the Pan-Am Games and was fifth individually. She was headed for the individual gold until a disastrous final round in which she fell. On Val de Loire, the 15-year-old chestnut gelding that is now her backup horse, she won five Grand Prix classes in 1978.

The first round of the second day in Baltimore was followed by two jump-offs for those with clear rounds. Piet Raymakers, a 23-year-old travel agent from the tiny village of Asten in southern Holland, was the only rider to go clear on all three rounds. This earned him 20 points and sixth place in the overall standings.

Smith was second, with one fault in the second jump-off and the fastest time, 33.64 seconds, which brought her two-day total to a commanding 37 points. Matz, of Plymouth Meeting, Pa., followed, with 26, and Homfeld, of Petersburg, Va., was third, with 25, going into the final round.

In the first of Sunday's two rounds six riders went clean, among them Leslie Burr, Jenkins, and Homfeld of the U.S., as well as defending champion Simon of Austria. Smith suffered a setback when Calypso knocked down two rails on the ninth fence. In the second round, Burr and Simon were the only two to survive clean—this time, Calypso kicked off the top of the seventh fence. Because Burr had come to the final with no points and Simon with nine, neither could hope to win the title. Suddenly, that left Homfeld. He finished third on Sunday, behind Simon and Burr, to pick up 22½ points, which, added to his previous total of 25, gave him first place. Smith salvaged second, with 44½. Homfeld is a 28-year-old amateur who harbors an ambition to act, and as he accepted his silver tulip and the trophy he said, in the best tradition of the Academy Awards, that he owed it all to his horse, his partner of seven years, the 15-year-old bay gelding Balbuco. "He is in the evening of his life," Homfeld said. "He knows time is running out. But he is tough. To be still jumping well at 15, that alone shows how tough he is."

It also indicates that the green Calypso has plenty of time, and Smith may make it all the way yet. **END**



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by Steve Wulf

Choose which Cruz is whose

Does Julio play for Houston, or is it Jose or Victor or ? With the accrual of the Cruz crew reaching a crucial point and creating confusion, here is a handy guide

This guy Cruz who keeps showing up in the box scores had quite a year in 1979. 344 hits, 178 runs, 144 RBIs, 66 doubles, 171 walks and 85 stolen bases. On defense he had a hand in 100 double plays and threw out 15 runners from the outfield. He also found time to appear in 61 games as a relief pitcher and get 10 saves.

Actually, these Ruthian figures belong to five Cruzes, not one, but there is so much confusion attached to the name that the average fan can hardly be blamed for not knowing who's Cruz. Pay attention, because there may be a quiz later.

Jose Cruz is an outfielder for the Astros. Also known as Cheo, he is not to be mistaken for his two brothers, Hector, who sometimes goes by the name of Heity and plays the outfield and third base for the Reds, and Cirilo, or Tommy, who went to spring training with the Twins but is now playing rightfield for the Nippon Ham Fighters in Japan. Then there are Julio Cruz, the Mariners' second baseman; Victor Cruz, who pitches for the Indians, and Todd Cruz, a utility infielder for the Angels. For good measure there is Henry Cruz, an outfielder-first baseman for Des Moines in the Triple-A American Association, who has had cups of coffee with the White Sox and Dodgers.

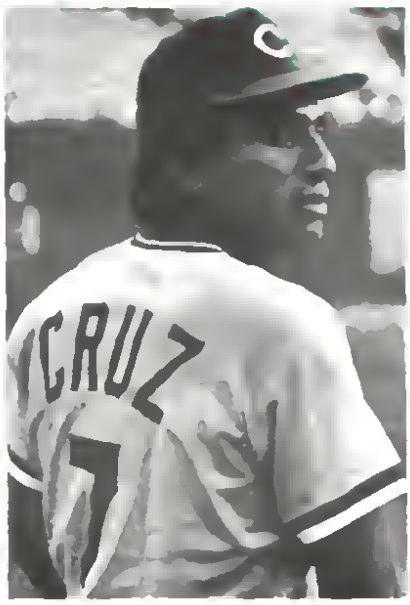
To add to the general bewilderment, the Cruzes tend to bounce around. The aforementioned seven have played in 21 different big league organizations. In the last six years, 16 of the 26 major league teams have had one Cruz or another in their systems. The St. Louis Cardinal organization at various times has dressed the three Cruz brothers and Victor.

Little wonder they keep getting each other's mail. "I got a letter once addressed to Julio Cruz, Houston Astro, that was meant for me," says Jose, "and a letter to Hector Cruz that was meant for my brother." Julio adds, "Last year I got a letter addressed to Hector Cruz, asking him—or me—to play baseball in Mexico during the winter." Todd has faced a slightly different dilemma. "The people in the stands use every first name they can think of for Cruz," he complains. "They're never sure just who you are, but they see Cruz on your back and yell Jose or Hector or Julio. Nobody ever calls me Todd."

The confusion is not likely to clear up anytime soon because, quite simply, the name accrues. There were 19 Cruzes in organized baseball last year, with first names ranging from A to V. There is even another Jose Cruz, an

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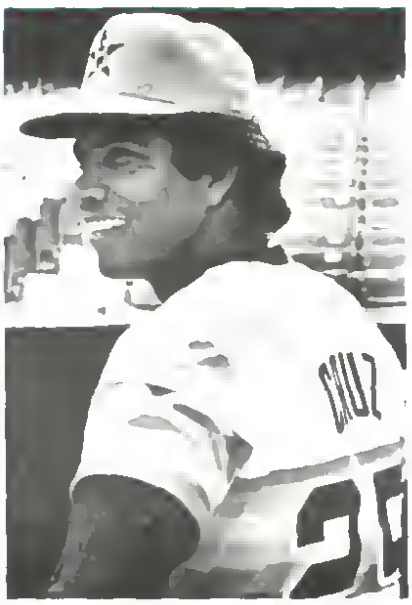
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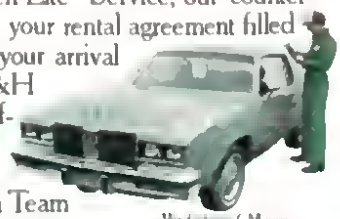


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outfielder in the Montreal Expos' system. Cruzes are not easy to track down, either. When the San Francisco Giants' scouting director, Jack Schwarz, was asked if Jesus Cruz was still in his organization, he said, "No, I'm sorry, we released him this spring. But wait—we do have an Alberto Cruz."

Put all of the Cruzes together, and, presto, you have a pretty fair team. Tommy would be at first; Julio at second; Todd at short; Heity at third; Jose, Jose and Domingo would play the outfield; Henry would be behind the plate (he was a fill-in catcher in the minors); and Victor, Concepcion, Eleuterio and Ruben would pitch. On the bench would be Aaron, Alberto, Homar, Jesus, Nicolas, Pedro and Ponciano. They could be called the Caribbean Cruzes. The Pirates even have a scout named Pablo Cruz, which is also the name of a rock group, but never mind.

The oddest thing is that before the Cardinals brought up Jose in 1970, there had never been a Cruz in the major leagues, unless you count Walton Cruise, who hit .346 in 1921 for the Boston Braves. Cruz is a common Latin surname, but not common enough to explain the sudden glut in baseball. In the San Juan, Puerto Rico phone directory, for example, there are four pages of Cruzes, whereas Rodriguez and Rivera take up more than 15 pages apiece. The most famous Cruz before Jose was Oswaldo Cruz, a Brazilian bacteriologist, who at the turn of the century helped save Rio de Janeiro from a yellow-fever epidemic.

Nor can the preponderance of Cruzes be explained by a sudden influx of Latin-American players: the percentage of Latinos in U.S. baseball is only slightly higher than it was 10 years ago. It's just a phenomenon of the game that every once in a while a name comes along in swarms. Between 1923 and 1936, for example, there were 18 Moores in the majors; there have been only 11 since. In 1970 there were eight guys named May, Maye or Mays; now there are only three. The magic name for the '80s is Cruz.

So, in the interest of straightening things out, here is a complete guide, a shakedown Cruz, if you will.

For a brief time in 1973, all three Cruz brothers, who are from Puerto Rico, were with the Cardinals, although they never started in the same outfield as Matty, Felipe and Jesus Alou once did for the Giants. At 32, Jose is the oldest and most successful. He has hit as high as .315, in 1978, and in 1977 he stole 44 bases, drove in 83 runs and hit 17 home runs. Last season he fell off a bit but still led the weak-hitting Astros in almost every offensive category, including game-winning RBIs with 14. This year he leads the National League in RBIs with 16. As for his fielding, well, when Jose had chicken pox this spring, one Astro said, "Funny, he never caught anything last year." He's not that bad, actually.

Tommy, 29, was the most widely traveled of the Cruzes even before he took off for Japan. In chronological order, he belonged to the Cardinals, Rangers, White Sox, Yankees and Twins, getting only two major league at bats while tearing up three Triple-A leagues. Minnesota invited him to spring training this year, but things didn't work out. Tommy says, "I told them, 'Give me more money or let me go to Japan.' They said, 'O.K., go to Japan.' " So far, Tommy and the Ham Fighters are happy with each other, although Tommy wishes the Japanese pitchers would throw him a fastball every once in a while.

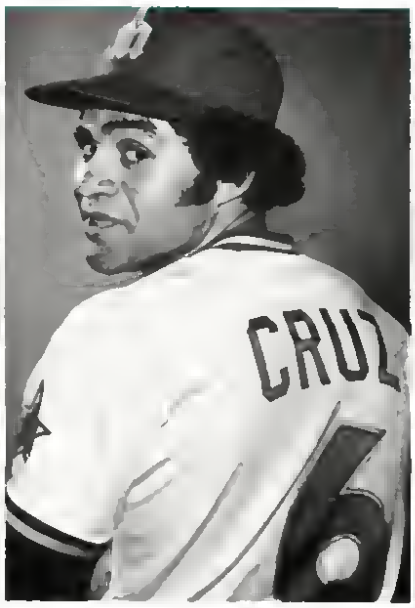
Hector, 27, bears a resemblance to Jose, and when they play together in the Puerto Rican winter league, they are frequently mistaken for one another. "We really don't look that much alike if you know us," says Hector. "But if you don't see us for a year or two, you might have trouble." The similarity ends there, Hector's highest batting average in four full seasons having been .236. Still, four National League teams have found him to be a useful hitter. For the Cardinals in 1976, he knocked in 71 runs despite batting .228. He subsequently played for the Cubs and Giants before being picked up by the Reds in midseason last

continued

THE OTHERS



VICTOR



JULIO



TODD

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year. Hector proved very valuable to Cincy in August when he batted .344 with four homers and 14 RBIs, four of them game-winners. Cincinnati Manager John McNamara says the Reds could not have won the division—by 1½ games over the Astros—without him. But Hector hated to have to beat his brother's team. "We couldn't both win it," Hector says. "We did it, and I'm glad. But I still felt a little for Jose. He wanted it so bad."

Julio may be the most exciting—and excitable of the Cruzes. Last year he missed 54 games with a thumb injury yet stole 49 bases. He had 24 successful attempts in a row, three short of the league record, until he was thrown out on his last try of the season. This year he swiped his first five bases without being caught before being temporarily sidelined with a foot injury. Gene Mauch, the manager of the rival Twins, says, "He's a good little player, but when he's on base, he's better than that. He's like Maury Wills. He was a good player, but when he got on, he was a super player." Once Julio starts reaching first with any regularity—his batting average went up 36 points to .271 last year—his own manager, Darrell Johnson, says he'll steal 100 bases.

Julio, 25, is already an accomplished second baseman. He is a great lover of basketball—he says he can dunk even though he's 5' 9"—so he likes to take a jumping pivot at second base even when it's not necessary. That's given him a hot-dog reputation he doesn't mind. Mariner Coach Bill Mazeroski says, "He has more range than anyone else. I think he's as good as there is in either league."

That's a lot of praise for someone who was never drafted, perhaps because he didn't play seriously until he was 19. Julio grew up in a tough neighborhood in Brooklyn. How tough was it, Julio? "It was so tough that if we went to play softball somewhere, we'd seldom get there because we'd have to cross someone else's territory and there would be trouble." At 14, Julio moved to Southern California with his parents. In 1974 he went to an Angels' tryout camp on a lark. He was signed by California, and while playing in the Angel system led several minor leagues in stolen bases. California left Julio unprotected in the 1976 expansion draft, and at 22 he was the Mariners' second baseman and leadoff hitter.

When he first came up, Julio had a tendency to take out his frustrations by swinging his bat at defenseless sinks and batting helmets. He has since calmed down. He is also one of the more popular Mariners, especially with children. "No child within reach of Julio escapes being swept into his arms," says Jack Carvalho, Seattle's promotion director.

Victor is the Cruz, as one of his Cleveland teammates puts it, "with a beach ball under his shirt." Actually, it's more like a soccer ball now that he's shed 14 pounds. Pudgy or not, Victor, 22, and a native of the Dominican Republic, is a much coveted relief pitcher. After he was named Toronto's rookie of the year in 1978, the Indians outbid the Brewers for his services by offering the Blue Jays infielders Alfredo Griffin and Phil Lansford. "He could have been the difference in winning the division title for us," says General Manager Harry Dalton of Milwaukee, which finished second in the American League East last season. Even though Victor had his ups and downs in 1979, he still appeared in 61 games and got 10 saves. His stuff is so good that he strikes out seven batters every nine innings, and he's almost as exciting as Julio in the field. Victor made two errors in his seven chances last year.

The label on Todd is good field, no hit, but he's had only 63 games in the majors, so it's still too early to tell. Of Mexican descent, Todd, 24, grew up in Highland Park, Mich., outside Detroit, and was drafted by the Phillies in 1973. They traded him to the Royals, who traded him to the Angels in the off-season, giving Todd three teams in three years. And for the second year in a row, Todd finds himself starting a season playing behind Fred Patek at shortstop. But Patek, for one, thinks Cruz should be playing some position every day.

And now for the quiz: What in the world does Ham Fighters mean?

THE WEEK

(April 20-26)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST Cardinal relievers have been so inept that their appearances during games in Pittsburgh provoked the stadium organist to play *Send in the Clowns.* The St. Louis (2–3) bullpen reached its nadir during a subsequent series in Chicago, in which five pitchers were tagged for nine hits and seven runs in four innings before Cub Barry Foote mercifully ended the game with a two-out grand slam in the ninth. During that 16–12 victory for Chicago (3–2), Foote assaulted Cardinal pitchers for four hits—two were homers—and eight RBIs. Also included in the Cubs' 23-hit outburst were five by Ivan DeJesus, who needed just five innings to hit for the cycle.

No one pitched better than Steve Carlton of Philadelphia (2–4), who beat St. Louis on one hit, a second-inning single by Ted Simmons. For Carlton, that was his sixth one-hitter, a modern league record. Mike Schmidt's two homers and six RBIs carried the Phillies past the Mets 14–8. New York (2–4) won the two other games between the teams. After Ray Burris and Neil Allen teamed up for a 3–0 victory, Mark Bomback and three relievers held on for a 3–2 triumph.

Still in first place was Pittsburgh (4–2), which got two complete-game wins from John Candelaria and some hefty hitting from Mike Easler. By homering twice and driving across four runs in a rare start, Easler earned the job as the Pirates' regular leftfielder.

Steve Rogers became the first Montreal pitcher to go the distance when he beat Pittsburgh 3–2. One the Expos (3–3) didn't win was an 8–7 slugfest in Atlanta, where they lost despite three home runs and seven RBIs by Larry Parrish.

PITT 9–5 CHI 7–5 MONT 6–7
PHIL 6–7 ST.L 6–8 NY 5–a

NL WEST "I released a lot of anxiety on that swing," said Steve Garvey of Los Angeles (7–0) after his three-run homer had decked San Diego 6–3. Garvey and the Dodgers had gotten off to a stumbling start this season, but last week he had eight RBIs as L.A. played flawlessly. The Dodgers slugged eight home runs, one a three-run shot in the 10th by Dusty Baker that beat the Giants 5–2. They also stole 12 bases, six by rookie Rudy Law, who leads the majors with nine. And the pitching was sparkling: Don Sutton and Dave Goltz fashioned shutouts against San Francisco.

Houston (3–3) also had a pair of shutouts, which helped the Astros stay on the heels of division-leading Cincinnati. With late relief help, Nolan Ryan defeated the Reds 8–0 and Joe Niekro trimmed the Mets 6–0. After a 7–4 victory over New York, winner J.R. Richard said, "I'm nine feet tall and I weigh 400 pounds, and people expect me to throw the ball 150 miles an hour." That was Richard's way of trying to say he is merely mortal and that he is 2' 4" shorter, 163 pounds lighter and 55 mph slower than he has seemed to be in running up a 3–0 record.

What kept Cincinnati (3–3) in front were two wins in three games against Houston. The Reds took the opener 6–5 behind George Foster's five hits. And they won the rubber game 3–2 in 12 innings when Harry Spilman got a pinch double and Dave Concepcion, who was using a lengthy 36-inch bat to cope with

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outside pitches, reached out to single across the decisive run.

The Giants often were having trouble merely coping. Case No. 1: with two outs, Pitcher Bob Knepper fielded a grounder and, in trying to start an unneeded double play, threw the ball past Shortstop Johnnie LeMaster. Case No. 2: Rightfielder Jack Clark headed for the dugout after catching a fly for what he thought was the third out, but which actually was only the second. Case No. 3: Clark dug in at the plate in anticipation of the next pitch, not realizing that the previous delivery was ball four. Case No. 4: First Baseman Mike Ivie rolled the ball toward the mound after what he thought was the third out—it was the second—and allowed a run to score. At other times the Giants (3–4) were alert, John Montefusco ending a string of 35 incomplete games by beating San Diego 5–1 and Knepper defeating Cincinnati 3–1.

San Diego relievers had trouble protecting leads. Three times they blew late advantages as the Padres (0–6) collapsed.

Angered by Atlanta's dismal start, owner Ted Turner ordered the benching of slumping Gary Matthews, asked players with no-trade clauses in their contracts to waive such clauses, threatened a wholesale call-up of his Savannah farm team and banned food from the clubhouse. He also decided to send the Braves' most notable player, young slugger Bob Horner, who was hitting .059, to the minors, but Horner refused to go. So while Horner waited around Atlanta, asking to be traded and risking being put on the disqualified list, his replacement at third base, Larvell Blanks, started the Braves (4–2) off on a streak of four one-run wins with a 10th-inning homer that beat the Padres 3–2. Keeping Atlanta rolling were two game-winning hits by Chris Chambliss and one by Brian Asselstine.

CIN 12–4 HOUS 10–5 LA 10–7
SD 6–10 SF 6–11 ATL 5–10

AL WEST They're called the "No Names," but last week the White Sox (5–1) battered clubs loaded with big names—the Orioles, Red Sox and Yankees—to move into first place. Britt Burns, 20, combined with Mike Proly for a 2–0 win in Boston, the first shutout there by Chicago since 1973. Reliever Ed Farmer, an oldtimer among the Sox at 30, had two saves and a victory, Steve (Rainbow) Trout, 22, stranded 10 Yanks during a 6–0 win, and Rich Dotson, 21, fanned nine Red Sox in six innings while defeating Boston 9–3. Among the big hitters—Chicago batted .372—were Harold Baines, 21, who had three doubles and a single as Baltimore was beaten 9–6. Mike Squires, 28, and Bob Molinaro, 29. When Chicago came from behind twice to defeat New York 8–7, it was Squires who put the White Sox ahead briefly with a single in the 10th and permanently with a suicide squeeze in the 12th. As for Molinaro, he had a two-run pinch homer in that game and batted .500.

Also surprising was Oakland (4–3), which ran its winning streak to seven games. The A's accomplished this by sweeping a 6–1, 8–2 doubleheader from the Angels behind the pitching of Matt Keough and Steve McCatty, and by beating the Mariners 4–2 on Jeff Newman's two-run double in the ninth.

Oakland lost twice to the Twins (4–1) as its Manager Billy Martin was pelted with marshmallows—a reminder of the day last fall when he punched out a salesman of same in Minnesota and got himself fired by the Yankees. Seven home runs helped the Twins to their best week thus far. Seattle (1–5) had its worst week, its only win coming when Bill Stein hit a two-run homer in the eighth to beat Oakland 5–4.

"What we need is to put together a complete game and some timely hitting," said California's Don Baylor. The Angels (3–3), who were hitting .186 for the season at the time, promptly ended a five-game skid by drubbing the Twins 17–0 on 17 hits as Bruce Kison gave up only one. He came within two outs of a no-hitter before Ken Landreaux doubled.

After his average had tumbled to .209, 1976 batting champ and 1979 runner-up George Brett of Kansas City (4–2) viewed films of himself when he was hitting well. Teammate Jamie Quirk, who also watched the movies, noticed that Brett used to hold his bat straighter, which George did the next night. Result: three hits, four RBIs and a 7–4 win over Toronto. Larry Gura, who had been shelled earlier in the week, also straightened himself out, beating Baltimore 7–0.

In the past, pitchers have used shine balls, emery balls, cut balls and mud balls. Now, courtesy of that allegedly reformed spitballer, Gaylord Perry of Texas (2–4), there is the "puffball." Indian Outfielder Rick Manning claimed that Perry's deliveries were enveloped in "a puff of smoke" that came from liberal applications of rosin he put in his right hand before pitching. The umpires, however, didn't order Perry to cease and desist, and the Rangers huffed and puffed to a 4–1 win.

CHI 11–4 OAK 10–6 TEX 9–6 KC 8–7
MINN 8–6 CAL 7–7 SEA 6–9

AL EAST Toronto (4–2), the only team in the East with a season record of better than .500, began the week in fourth place and climbed to the top with its fourth consecutive victory over Milwaukee. Barry Bonnell pulled that one out 4–0 with a ninth-inning grand slam. The day before, the Blue Jays had beaten the Brewers 5–3 when Joey McLaughlin pitched four shutout innings of relief. McLaughlin also saved a 5–3 victory over Cleveland by retiring all five batters he faced. Bonnell had three doubles and Otto Velez a three-run homer in that game.

Baltimore (1–5) fell from first to fifth, winning only when Mike Flanagan beat Kansas City 4–0. The Orioles' descent was caused by a lack of punch: their .192 hitting for the week left them with a season average of .211, the lowest in either league.

Also taking a plunge were the Brewers (2–4), who began the week tied with the Orioles for the lead. Milwaukee dropped to fourth even though Robin Yount extended his string of two-hit games to seven. With a runner on first and none out in the 11th against Cleveland, Gorman Thomas, the league's 1979 home-run champ, was given the bunt sign. However, after Victor Cruz wild-pitched the runner to second, the bunt sign was removed. Given the green light, Thomas whaled the daylights out of the next pitch, his home run giving the Brewers a 7–5 victory.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DAVE STIEB: Toronto's 22-year-old right-hander defeated Kansas City 7–1 and Milwaukee 4–0 with a pair of five-hitters. That brought his record up to 3–0 and lowered his earned-run average to an impressive 1.09.

With Willie Randolph batting .500 and Ruppert Jones and Bobby Murcer getting game-deciding hits, New York won four of six. Three of the Yankee victories were by one run over the Orioles; in the first of them, Tommy John gave up only three hits before Goose Gossage came in to get the last out.

The Red Sox (3–3), who hit just five homers the first two weeks, began to connect. Boston beat Chicago 9–8 and Detroit 12–7 as Sox sluggers unloaded three home runs in each game. Because he was the DH against Texas, Carl Yastrzemski had time to work on his problem of "coming up on fastballs" when he swung. Yaz went to the clubhouse between at bats, wrapped a sanitary stocking with tape and had a locker-room attendant lob it to him. "I hit about 50 in there," said Yaz, who then went out, got the fastball he'd been waiting for and drilled it for a single and a 6–5 win.

When he learned of what Yaz had done, slumping Kirk Gibson of Detroit (3–3) tried the same locker-room remedy. It worked, Gibson making Dave Rozema a 2–0 victor over the Rangers with a two-run homer in the eighth.

Texas lost 8–7 to Cleveland (2–4) when hometown boy Jerry Dybzinski, a rookie shortstop, helped the Tribe rally from a 5–0 deficit by homering in his first at bat in Cleveland. Mike Stanton made himself right at home, too. Stanton, who had pitched for five minor league teams and three in Venezuela since he earned his first big league save in 1975, chalked up No. 2 in that game.

TOR 7–6 BOS 7–7 NY 7–8 MIL 6–7
BALT 6–9 DET 5–10 CLEV 4–9



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It's a great leap forward

In only six years, Chinese divers have sprung from nowhere to beat the U.S

The inscrutable East met the scrutable West last weekend in, of all places, Columbus, Ohio, when the best divers from the People's Republic of China arrived for a dual meet with their U.S. counterparts. Rumors about the Chinese diving team had been circulating since last August, when Dr. Sammy Lee, the U.S. gold medalist in 10-meter platform at the 1948 and 1952 Olympics, returned from a four-week trip to the People's Republic. "When I mentioned to the coaches here how good the Chinese divers I'd seen were, I was told I'd been brainwashed," says Lee. "I said, 'Just wait and see.' " Then last September at the World University Games in Mexico City, American coaches came, saw and were convinced. At least one Chinese diver finished among the top six men and women in both the three-meter springboard and platform, and 5′ 2″, 97-pound Chen Xiaoxia won the women's platform. After Mexico City, Dr. Aaron Weinstein, president of U.S. Diving, the national organization for the sport, called Lee on the telephone to berate him. "You lied to me," he said. "You told me they were good. They're great."

So when the American divers came to Columbus, they were eager to get a close-up look at the Chinese. After watching the visitors practice on Tuesday morning at Ohio State's Peppe Aquatic Center, the Americans were impressed, but not overwhelmed. The Buckeyes' diving coach, Vince Panzano, spelled it out. "I'd say the Chinese women tower divers are better. They're doing harder dives, and they do them better than our girls do theirs. We're about even with their women on the springboard. Our men are as good as the Chinese in tower and better on the springboard."

The Chinese, meanwhile, were being perfect guests, humbly assuring their hosts that they were here to learn. "At this particular meet we want to do very well, and we expect to learn a lot," said the ever-smiling, unfailingly polite Chinese coach, Liang Boxi. "We know that the Americans are great. All their basic moves are excellent, very smooth and well executed. As for us, we have problems. We hope that through exchanges with the American coaches and by watching the U.S. divers work out, we can overcome some of our problems, especially on required dives. The American springboard divers—their moves are so good, they look like they were stamped out of molds."

The Chinese have had little time to be molded into champions. An entire generation of their athletes is missing, thanks to the Cultural Revolution (1966-69) and the so-called Gang of Four. During that period the Chinese Swimming Association, which had been formed in 1952, was disbanded because, according to the Gang of Four, sports competition was capitalistic, individualistic and, therefore, bad. Chinese divers and coaches were sent to the rice paddies to learn the real meaning of work. But by the end of 1976 Mao had died, the Gang of Four had been arrested, and China had begun to rebuild its athletic programs. As a result, the five men and five women sent to Columbus were very young, ranging in age from 16 to 22, and none had been diving for more than six years. This impressed the American coaches. "It takes at least 10 years to make a really good diver," says Panzano. "There are exceptions, like Greg Louganis, who was an Olympic silver medalist at 16, and our current indoor platform champion, Bruce Kimball, who's also 16. They're exceptions. And Bruce started diving at the age of four with the best instruction in the world. His father, Dick, is our national diving coach."

In the years since competitive sports returned to the list of approved activities, the Chinese have been busy playing catch-up, poring over films of American divers and studying U.S. coaching techniques. When Dick Kimball was introduced to Liang, Liang greeted him warmly and said, "The name Kimball is very well known in China. I've always

continued



Tong Hui, who's just 17, gets set to let 'er rip.



Chen Xiaoxia: a wow in Mexico City and Ohio

wanted to come here and meet you." Kimball, needless to say, had never heard of Liang.

Besides inexperience in international competition, Chinese divers have a physical peculiarity to contend with. During his visit to the People's Republic, Lee, an otologist, found out that the Chinese have a genetic tendency toward detached retinas, a condition that can be aggravated by impact with the water while diving. "They asked me how many U.S. divers went blind," he says. "It shocked me. I told them I'd never heard of an American going blind from diving." Lee urged the Chinese to consult a well-known Shanghai ophthalmologist, who confirmed the fact that, like myopia, easily detached retinas are characteristic of the Chinese. One diver at Columbus, Li Kongzheng, had suffered two detached retinas, both of which were said to have been successfully repaired with laser-beam surgery. Kongzheng used to be a platform diver, but he switched to the springboard after his condition was discovered.

It was evident from the intensity of their two-a-day practices that the Chinese were determined not to lose face before the tough U.S. team. And the Americans were very strong. Their women's team included Carrie Irish Finneran, the national indoor three-meter springboard champion; Christine Loock, the national indoor platform titleholder; Barbara Weinstein, last year's indoor platform champ and 1979 Pan Am gold medalist; Kit Salness, the '79 outdoor tower titlist; and 17-year-old Megan Neyer, who's accomplished at both springboard and platform. The men's team, according to Aaron Weinstein, was comprised of "the top divers in America—minus one." The minus was Louganis, who stayed away because he had to take final exams at the University of Miami. But Bruce Kimball, veterans Dave Burgering and Kent Vosler, along with Kevin Machemer and Randy Ableman, were on hand to defend America's honor.

The Chinese were apparently so impressed by this lineup that while the Americans took it easy as the meet drew near, the visitors practiced rigorously, their coaches sitting at poolside applauding good dives and criticizing bad ones. Dick Kimball soon determined that the Chinese were coming up with few poor dives. "It could really go either way here," Kimball said the day before the competition began. "Don't let them give you that 'we want to learn' bit. They're here to win."

That became evident on Saturday. The Chinese had refused politely any seats on the five-judge panel. They insisted that all the judges be American. The better to coach and study dives, they said, the better to learn. But when the Chinese brought out their divers, it became obvious that they could teach as well as learn. In the men's platform, one of the two opening-day events, the meet's first 10 (the highest possible score) was awarded to Bruce Kimball, who on the last of his four required dives executed a flawless forward 1½ with a twist. The Chinese oohed and applauded along with everyone else. But in international competition, it's the six optional dives that really turn heads because of their greater degree of difficulty, and the first optional 10 went to Li Hongping, a 17-year-old student from Canton. Hongping launched himself into a back 2½ somersault in a pike position and ripped—made the sound of a bedsheet being torn that is heard when a diver executes a perfect, splashless entry. Hongping ripped every one of his optionals. His third, a reverse 2½ tuck, earned three 10s from the five judges, and his front 3½ pike brought in three 9.5s and two nines. Kimball fought back with two 10s on his fourth optional, a triple-twisting 1½ that ripped. He followed that with a reverse 2½ tuck that earned him four 9.5s and a nine. When the men's tower competition ended, Hongping was first with 617.60 points and Kimball second, 36.25 points back. Tong Hui, who turned 17 two weeks ago but looks more like 12, finished fourth, behind Vosler.

The women's three-meter springboard produced some surprises when Chen Xiaoxia, the 18-year-old Cantonese who had dazzled the crowds in Mexico, beat Neyer by 8.40 points. Megan might have taken the title had she not blown an inward 2½ tuck. Shi Meiqin finished third.

By Saturday night the Chinese team led the U.S. 23–21, but Coach Kimball was philosophic. "We did a very fine job," he said. "It would have been better with Louganis, but in all honesty, the Chinese are world-class divers. There's no shame in losing to them. And we're not out of it yet."

But on Sunday, they were. The final score: China 45, U.S. 43. The Chinese dominated the women's platform event, taking first, second and fourth, but the Americans came back in the men's springboard, which Burgering won, with Machemer second and Kimball fourth.

"Well, we really didn't know what to expect," said Panzano as the crowd drifted out of the Aquatic Center. "Now we know the Chinese team is excellent. And they're great people, friendly and warm."

Fast learners, too. **END**

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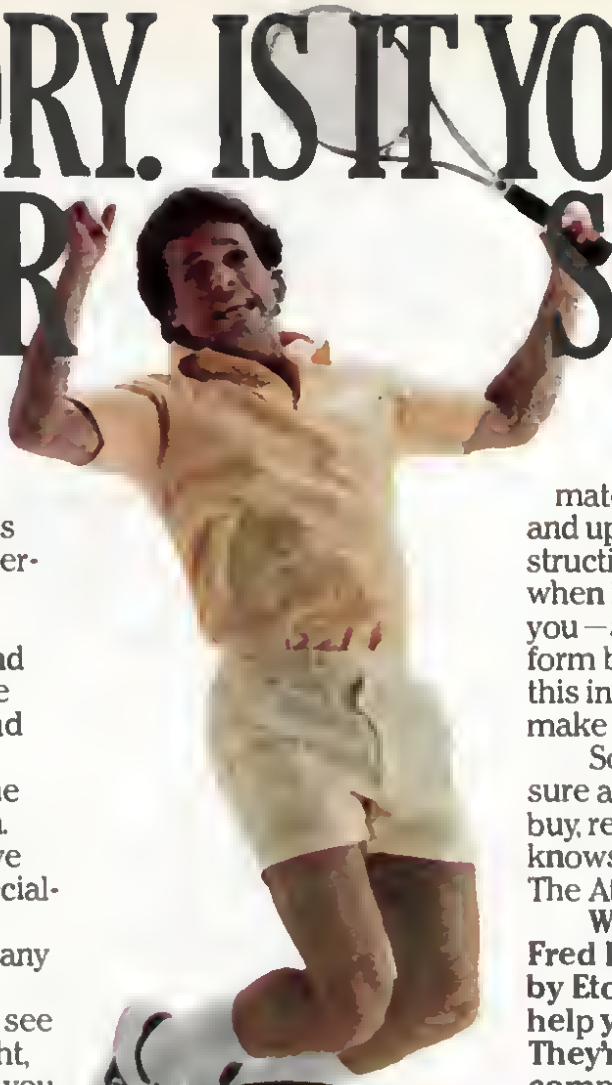
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And that's where The Athlete's Foot® comes in. We're the stores that have built a reputation as specialists in athletic footwear. Footwear for just about any sport you can name.

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Etonic Stabilizer running shoes for men and women
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339 stores nationwide



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Where life begins at 50

Arnold Palmer made his debut among the game's senior-citizen demigods, but Tommy Bolt–Art Wall were the heroes

The Legends of Golf is an event that stands alone as an old-fashioned sportswriter's dream, for it gives new life to all the clichés that made the game what it is today. The people who covered it last week at Onion Creek Country Club south of Austin, Texas should have worn the crests of antique Underwoods on their blazers as they followed Tempestuous Tommy (Thunder) Bolt and silent Art Wall Jr. to victory over Slammin' Sam Snead and lean Don January after three rounds of play that was only legendary at the top.

Throughout the rest of the field the tournament had such dignitaries as colorful Jimmy Demaret, golf's goodwill ambassador, and burly Mike Souchak and squire Gene Sarazen and Dr. Cary Middlecoff, the golfing dentist, all hacking around like the worst partners you could draw in a pro-am. At the end, Demaret had the best line to sum it up, something to the effect that closest to the flag on a par-3 should have won the free use of a hearse for a year.

But it was a serious competition between the two strongest teams, Bolt-Wall and Snead-January, while the others had a more or less nonstop cocktail party and jovial reunion. After Friday's first 18 holes, Bolt and Wall were tied with Snead and January with 10-under-par 60s. After Saturday's second round, Bolt and Wall trailed Snead and January by three strokes because they—mostly January—had fired another 60 while Tommy and Art had fallen back with a paltry 63.

Then came Sunday's final round. Bolt, 62 years old, and Wall, 56, were off with a sprint, making birdies on four of the first eight holes, and they not only overtook 67-year-old Sam and 50-year-old Don, but they also never surrendered the lead again. The Bolt-Wall team's closing 64 gave them 23 under par, a two-stroke victory and $35,000 apiece.

Better still, it enabled Bolt to beat two people he enjoys beating as much as he enjoys wine, Slammin' Sam Snead and a new Legends entrant, a fellow named Arnold Palmer. (One becomes eligible for the Legends when he turns 50, and Arnold hit five-oh on Sept. 10, 1979.)

The incomparable Arnold Palmer, comma, and steady Dow Finsterwald were a team, and they finished third, a whopping 10 strokes behind the winners. However, statistics-keepers were quickly reminded that Arnold's $20,000 check was his largest tournament payday in quite a while. Of course, Palmer can get $20,000 for going to a luncheon next week if he chooses to.

The Legends is a best-ball competition, and the legends who get invited, some of whom are either legends or the legendary friends of colorful Jimmy Demaret, get to ride in golf carts and put the ball in their pockets when they wander too deeply into the woods. Slammin' Sam teamed up with Gardner Dickinson, Ben Hogan's protégé, to win the first Legends two years ago.

In 1979 Tempestuous Tommy (Thunder) Bolt and silent Art Wall Jr. hooked up in a sudden-death playoff with Argentina's Roberto de Vicenzo, the happy Latin, and phlegmatic Julius Boros; the teams matched pars on the 1st extra hole, then matched birdies for the next four before de Vicenzo made his fifth straight birdie on the sixth hole to win the tournament.

There was much teasing and discussion this time when Snead dumped his old partner, Gardner, in favor of a younger Don January, who still plays the PGA tour quite regularly. Snead wanted to get an edge because he knew how hard Bolt and Wall had been working—for three months—to get ready for the '80 Legends. Bolt, in fact, had long since announced to anyone who cared to listen that he and Art were going to win.

"Snead's already asked for Nicklaus

continued





Tempestuous Tommy (above) did the talking for the winners, with silent Art's tacit acquiescence.

in 1990," colorful Jimmy Demaret said.

The way Bolt and Wall teamed up throughout the 54-hole event, it wouldn't have made any difference if Snead had Tom Watson for a partner. Bolt and Wall bogeyed only two holes. When they went out on Sunday morning they quickly began their brother-in-law act, with Art always letting Tommy play first because "he's looser that way."

Art birdied the 1st and 4th holes, and then Tommy birdied the 7th. Art birdied the 8th, 9th and 10th, after which Tommy birdied the 13th and saved par with a fine long-iron shot to the 14th green. By then they already had the two-stroke lead they would win by.

Having made a bunch of birdies and an eagle the previous day, Slammin' Sam Snead, the West Virginia hillbilly, and lean Don January could only manage a one-under 69 on Sunday. Just a day earlier January had chipped in for an eagle three on 18 to give them the three-shot lead that Bolt and Wall had to overcome.



Arnold tried out Slammin's sidesaddle stroke.

"I figured we were the favorites all along," Bolt said later. "And I'll tell you, this $35,000 is the most money I've won since I used to hustle at Memorial Park in Houston."

Part of the charm of the Legends of Golf is seeing the names that have meant so much to the wire services through the years. The teams for last week's tournament included: squire Gene Sarazen and Australian Jim Ferrier; bespectacled Jerry Barber—or diminutive, one always forgets—and lame-armed Ed Furgol; mighty-mouse Bob Toski and long-hitting Chick Harbert; Walter Burkemo, the match-play king, and burly Mike Souchak; Little Poison Paul Runyan and Lighthorse Harry Cooper, always a bridesmaid; deliberate Chandler Harper and squat Ted Kroll; Dr. Cary Middlecoff, the golfing dentist from Memphis, and long-hitting George Bayer; fast-playing Doug Ford and methodical Bob Hamilton; Dan Sikes, the golfing lawyer, and Gardner Dickinson, Ben Hogan's protégé; colorful Jimmy Demaret, golf's goodwill ambassador, and gentlemanly George Fazio; Freddie Haas Jr., the former amateur veteran, and handsome Dick Mayer; rapid Robert Rosburg and unknown Jack Fleck, a municipal-course pro from Davenport, Iowa; Australian Peter Thomson and Australian Kel Nagle; Jackie Burke Jr., the pro from Boys Town, and determined Bob Goalby; Arnold Palmer, comma, and steady Dow Finsterwald; trumpet-playing Lionel Hebert and combat veteran Jay Hebert; Slammin' Sam Snead and lean Don January; phlegmatic Julius Boros and Roberto de Vicenzo, the happy Latin gaucho; and the winners, Tempestuous Tommy and silent Art. One amateur team was entered, the distinguished Bill Campbell and the mysterious Lew Oehmig.

The only legends who have continually been missing from the Legends are Bantam Ben Hogan, the wee icemon, and Lord Byron Nelson, the mechanical man of golf.

In a way, the real spirit of the Legends tournament was in the Onion Creek locker room, where Lighthorse Harry Cooper, always a bridesmaid, spent his time getting everyone's autograph, where long-hitting Chick Harbert would watch Palmer's television golf lesson and holler out, "Oh my God, it's in the water," and where everyone marveled at how the presence of Arnold Palmer, comma, had tripled the Austin galleries over the two previous years.

The colorful Jimmy Demaret, who in many ways is the guiding force behind the tournament, highlighted Sunday's action by oversleeping and being late for his tee time. In a thousand years in the game, it was the first time Demaret had ever been late, even though he had never missed a party during his fertile years as a star. So the gentlemanly Fazio went out alone and parred the 1st hole. Demaret showed up on the 2nd tee and immediately led the team to four straight bogeys.

Squire Gene Sarazen also overslept, but people figured that was O.K. because Gene is 78. His partner, Australian Jim Ferrier, didn't par the 1st hole; Ferrier made an eight. Sarazen joined him and they steadied themselves for a 77, nailing down last place by eight shots.

What the Legends has done, of course, is start a trend toward a "senior tour." There will be at least four other $100,000 tournaments in the U.S. this year for the 50-and-overs.

For the Tempestuous Tommy (Thunder) Bolts and silent Art Walls and Slammin' Sam Sneads and lean Don Januarys who can still play the game, this is a very good deal. But as Jackie Burke Jr. was saying late Sunday evening, "A senior tour? Hell, I spent all my life trying to get away from these guys."

It was clear from the enthusiasm of the crowds—the three-day turnout was 63,000—that Arnold Palmer, comma, had made the tournament a financial success, finally, in a city that rarely gets excited about anything that doesn't involve a University of Texas athletic team.

Tempestuous Tommy (Thunder) Bolt, on the other hand, relished saying that while the folks still squealed at Arnie hitching up his trousers, "They can't find no division he can win."

"No, Arnold's my friend," Tommy said. "I'm glad he brought all these folks out here so they could watch us beat him."

Did Bolt enjoy beating Arnold more than Sam?

"I guess Sam'll go to Gene Littler next year," Bolt smiled.

In response to this, Slammin' Sam Snead said, "Art Wall is a nice man. I'm glad he won."

Actually, the sportswriters won—years ago. END

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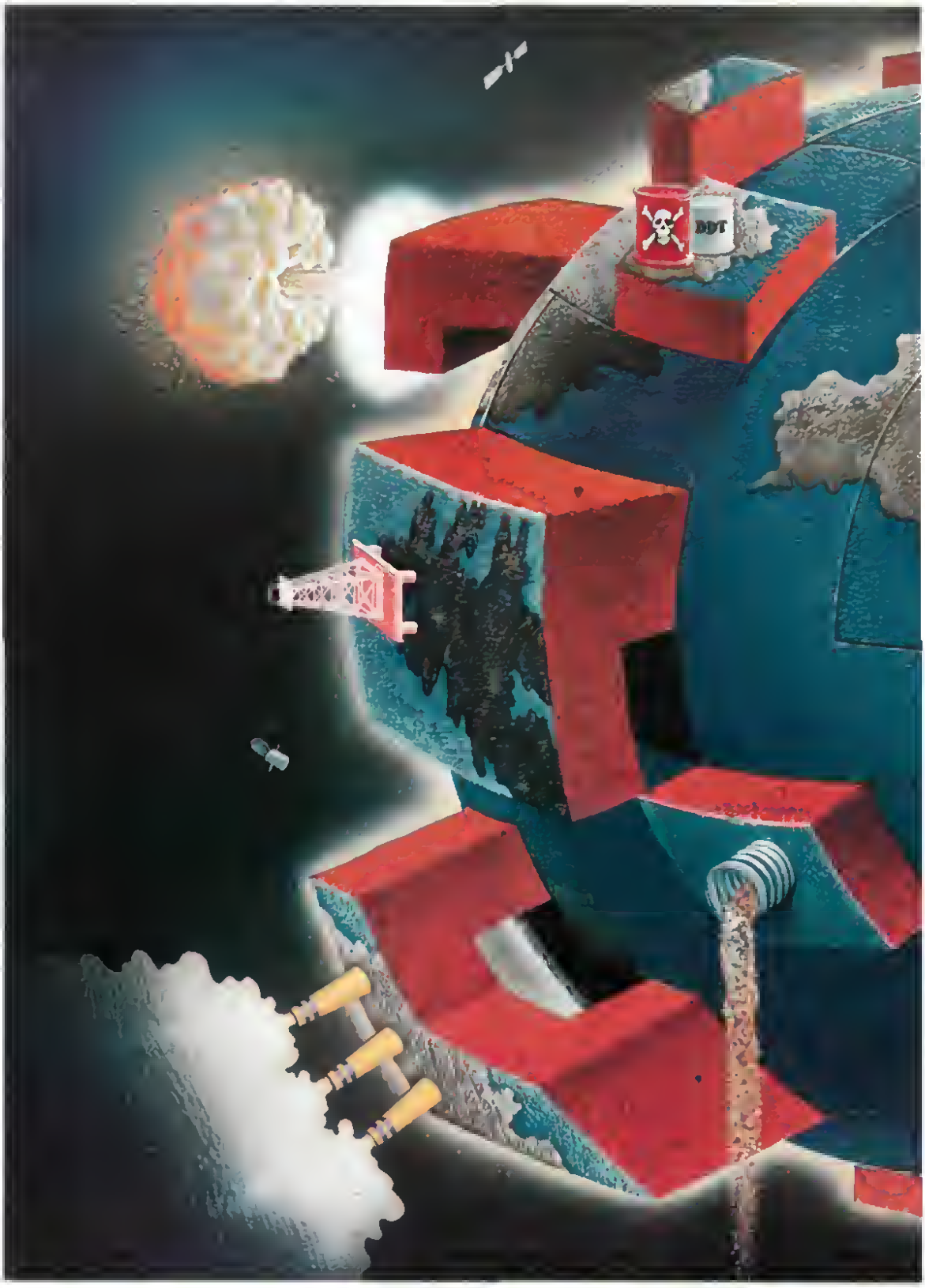
In today's economy, why would a family buy any car other than a Delta 88?



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WHITHER THE



EARTH?

The Environmental Decade is past, but is environmentalism passé? A status report

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

CONTINUED

One might well wonder what William Wordsworth could possibly have had in mind when he claimed that he had "walk'd with Nature" and found its "Divinity revolts offended at the ways of men." When Wordsworth was moved to pen those words in the 19th century, the natural world provided a refuge for highwaymen and posed barriers to travel and communication that were surmounted only with the greatest of difficulty. The sensibilities of a Wordsworth may have been wounded by the inroads of civilization, but for his less romantic contemporaries nature was something to be feared, not worshiped.

As we now know, when it comes to taking a beating at the hands of man, nature in Wordsworth's time hadn't seen anything yet. By the start of this century, the spread of the factory system had so defiled the English countryside that the naturalist W. Warde Fowler wrote of his yearning for "pure air, for the sight of growing grass, for the footpath across the meadow. . . ." At about the same time, President Theodore Roosevelt found it urgently necessary to take action to preserve the U.S.' already dwindling natural resources. And by the 1960s the natural world had become so blighted by pollution, plastic and pavement that an unprecedented consensus was developing among Americans that the taming of the environment had, in many cases, gone too far. This conviction was strengthened by publication in 1962 of Rachel Carson's landmark book, *Silent Spring*; by the first photographs from space of the whole earth, which struck beholders as small and oddly vulnerable; and by widely publicized oil spills, notably an offshore blowout that fouled beaches in Santa Barbara, Calif. With opinion polls signaling public approval, Congress and state legislatures enacted tough laws to combat pollution and protect endangered species. Books and magazine stories bore such titles as *Our Precarious Habitat*, *This Endangered Planet* and *The Ravaged Environment*. Environmentalists, previously dismissed as so many kooks, cut their hair, carried briefcases and assumed high government positions. To instant historians, the '70s were the Environmental Decade.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOMMY SOLOSKI



Acid rain, heavy with toxins spewed from coal-fired furnaces, poisons fields, rivers and lakes hundreds of miles away

Yet now, as the 1980s begin, jubilation over these successes is muted. Last week communities across the U.S. commemorated the 10th anniversary of Earth Day 1970, when throngs of Americans ushered in the Environmental Decade by demonstrating their support for cleaning up the land, air and water. It was clear on this year's Earth Day that some of the fresh appeal the movement enjoyed during the early 1970s had worn off. Environmental organizations are having more difficulty raising funds, and newspapermen who write about ecological problems are not getting their stories on Page One as readily as they once did. With the U.S. beset by galloping inflation and lagging productivity, not to mention an incipient recession, an energy crisis and various international embroilments, environmentalists suddenly find themselves on the defensive. Increasingly, they are depicted as obstructionists who stand in the way of profits and progress and push grandiose programs that increase the cost of living, eliminate jobs and stifle good old Yankee ingenuity.

Environmentalists are alarmed by this backlash. As all but the most unyielding of them recognize, environmental quality is not an absolute. The first shelter built in the wilderness was a compromise, and because man himself is part of the environment, compromise has continued to be necessary. The National Environmental Policy Act, the most influential law of the Environmental Decade—it took effect, tidily enough, on Jan. 1, 1970—doesn't outlaw anything but merely requires that before a project is undertaken, its "environmental impact" be assessed. The issue isn't whether steel mills will be built—of course they will—but how to keep them as clean as possible.

In practice, however, some environmentalists, emboldened by their new clout, are accused of being notably slow to compromise, even in the face of the nation's urgent energy imperatives. In the process, it is said, they have helped create a climate in which even their most legitimate achievements may well be jeopardized. Washington Congressman Allan B. Swift, a supporter of the environmental movement, gives voice to this fear by saying, "The economic interests lost to the environmentalists a decade ago because they refused to give at all. I think the reverse can now be true. If it turns out to be holy war, somebody will win it all. If that happens, we all lose in the long run."

So far, according to public-opinion polls, the citizenry's support for environmental objectives has weakened only slightly, if at all. Still, environmentalist groups are finding the national mood much less hospitable. "Environmentalists are against everything—period," says Utah Senator Orrin D. Hatch, voicing a familiar complaint. In a similar vein, *The Wall Street Journal* recently editorialized that economic growth had been impeded by the "fanaticism of a few environmentalists" imbued with a "Walden Pond vision of nature." The *Journal* has also accused environmentalists of "exploitation of the American legal system" and inveighed against what it calls "safety and health fascists." A number of large corporations have waged advertising campaigns advocating similar views.

The backlash takes other forms, too. On Capitol Hill it emerges as a Senate-passed bill to water down strip-mining laws and a House-backed measure to weaken pesticide controls. In the West it surfaces as the Sagebrush Rebellion, a movement to switch control of federal lands to the states and, ultimately, to the loggers and mining companies. In the Midwest, it rears its head in a federal suit in which Dow Chemical Company has accused the Environmental Protection Agency of using satellites, U-2 aircraft and converted B-26 bombers to spy on Dow's operations in Midland, Mich., thereby uncovering information that could be of value to competitors. The EPA acknowledges using aerial surveillance, but only for monitoring air-pollution levels. Of the suit, one EPA official, John Connor, says, "How does an octopus defend itself? It lets go with a cloud of ink."

Environmentalists are also unhappy about actions taken by Jimmy Carter, who pleased them early in his presidency by saving the Redwoods, withdrawing Alaskan lands from development and making favorable appointments. More recently the President has disappointed them by giving the timber industry the go-ahead to cut trees faster than they can be replenished and by accepting Forest Service recommendations to set aside as wilderness only one-fourth of the 61 million acres under consideration for that purpose. Notwithstanding Dow Chemical's laments, environmentalists also accuse the EPA of giving too much ground in its fight against pollution, for which they blame Carter. Then there is the President's surrender on Tennessee's Tellico Dam, which conservationists denounced as a boondoggle and which was seriously questioned even by then-TVA Director S. David Stroud. Carter said he opposed the dam, too, but when Congress passed legislation to complete construction, he signed it with "regret."

None of which is more striking than the President's evolving energy policy. During the 1976 campaign Jimmy Carter promised that in the event of a conflict between energy and environment, he would "go for beauty, clean air, water and landscape." He promised that conservation would be the cornerstone of his energy program and pledged opposition to synthetic fuels, which pose serious environmental questions. But turmoil in the Persian Gulf and soaring oil prices have forced the U.S. to attach new urgency to reducing its alarming dependence on imported oil. Accordingly, Carter now calls every domestic energy source "critical." He continues to support nuclear power and has pledged his backing for both synfuel development and the conversion of utilities from oil to coal, a changeover that could exacerbate air-pollution problems. The Carter Administration has also approved oil exploration off Cape Cod and in Alaska's Beaufort Sea and is preparing to open bids for leases to drill along the entire California coast. Over objections of environmentalists and the Interior and Commerce Departments, as well as the Environmental Protection Agency, it has approved construction of an oil refinery on Chesapeake Bay. The President also proposed creation of an Energy Mobilization Board to cut through environmental and other regulatory red tape, of which, to be sure, there is plenty; last week a House-Senate conference committee endorsed a procedure by which this board, the Congress and the President could speedily waive environmental laws for "priority" projects, an action environmental groups called a major setback. Most of this Carter professes to put in the category of necessary evils, strongly implying that environmentalists are guilty of shortsightedness.

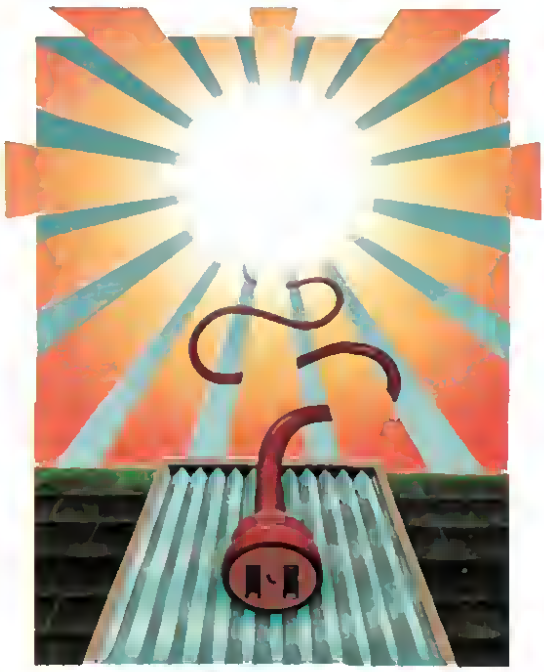
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Environmentalists reply that it is Carter, Congress and certain business interests that are being shortsighted—or worse. Russell Peterson, president of the National Audubon Society, tells of having attended a meeting at the White House last November at which the President defended his energy policies by saying, "If you were in my seat, Russell, you'd make the same decisions." Carter misjudged his listener. "Businessmen and politicians are interested only in making a buck and winning elections," fumes Peterson, who may have some license to talk this way, having been both a DuPont executive and a Republican governor of Delaware.

In their unhappiness over the backlash, environmentalists point out that they have been warning for years about the dangers of U.S. reliance on Mideast oil. Now that the gravity of the problem finally is widely recognized, they consider it unfair that they're being blamed for it. "We've been so right it hurts," says David Brower, the founder of the influential environmental organization, Friends of the Earth. But environmentalists don't dare spend too much time gloating; they must marshal their forces to preserve the triumphs they scored in the '70s.

That could be quite a struggle. Environmentalists as a group tend to see doomsday lurking around every bend, and they are capable of scare tactics just as egregious as those their foes have sometimes used against them. Yet it is a source of understandable anxiety that for all the gains of the '70s, about the most environmentalists can bring themselves to say is that conditions would be even worse today had those advances not occurred. They argue that their recent string of defeats—"It makes us feel like the 49ers," says the San Francisco-based Brower—has occurred just when another Environmental Decade, or better still, a succession of them, is urgently needed. To be sure, the air is cleaner today in dozens of U.S. cities than it was in 1970, and fewer fish are found floating belly up in the Hudson River, the Potomac, Washington's Bellingham Bay and other waterways. And, granted, neighbors of a coffee processing plant in Houston no longer suffer the indignity of having hot java rain on them, which used to happen when coffee dust from a plant chimney mingled in the wind with steam from a nearby vent. Still, air pollution remains a major problem in Los Angeles and Philadelphia as well as in such former clean-air havens as Denver and Salt Lake City; Phoenix, once a mecca for asthmatics, suffered a five-day smog alert last winter.

There are also newer, more complex problems, many of them potentially more far-reaching and insidious than the "conventional" pollution with which the laws of the 1970s dealt. One is the gradual depletion of the atmosphere's ozone layer, caused partly by fluorocarbons released by aerosol cans (such cans with fluorocarbon propellants are banned in the U.S. but are still widely used elsewhere) and automobile air conditioners. Ozone depletion allows more ultraviolet rays to reach the earth, increasing the incidence of skin cancer and the danger of climatic changes that could play havoc with agriculture. Another problem is the atmospheric buildup of carbon dioxide that results from, among other things, the burning of fossil fuels and the clearing of forests; this buildup, scientists warn, traps heat close to the earth, creating a "greenhouse" effect that could dry up croplands and melt polar ice caps, flooding populated coastal areas. Then there is acid rain, which is thought to occur when pollutants from the towering smokestacks of coal-fired plants are borne by winds to points hundreds of miles distant. Acid rain apparently generated by industry from the Ohio Valley has corroded buildings, blistered crops and killed fish as far away as New England. According to a Library of Congress report, airborne chemicals have eliminated fish in 90% of the Alpine lakes in the Adirondacks.



Solar energy is a solution—at least for heating some homes

There is also reason for alarm in the spread of toxic substances, many of which have come into use since World War II and are believed to cause cancer and other diseases. The reckless dumping of poisonous wastes in vacant lots, sewers and waterways has forced the evacuation of homes, the closing of rivers to fishing, the shutdown of municipal sewage plants and the contamination of drinking water. Noting that such deadly chemicals as PCBs and Kepone can persist in the environment for decades, if not centuries, a House Commerce subcommittee declared last fall that "industry has shown laxity not infrequently to the point of criminal negligence, in soiling the land and adulterating the water with its toxins."

Most of these problems are aggravated by a global population explosion that William Ruckelshaus, the first administrator of the EPA and now an executive of Weyerhaeuser Company, calls "the single most overriding cause of environmental stress in the world." After taking the whole of human history to reach a population of one billion in 1813, mankind has required just 167 additional years to hit 4.5 billion. A population of more than 6 billion is likely by the year 2000. In a frantic attempt to feed these masses—according to the President's Commission on World Hunger, there may now be as many as 800 million people with too little to eat—rain forests are being cleared at a breakneck

continued


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pace, resulting in decomposed vegetation that contributes to the buildup of carbon dioxide. This also results in the rapid loss of plant and animal species, violating naturalist Aldo Leopold's dictum: the test of intelligent tinkering is to save all the parts. It further increases the chances of biological disaster by diminishing possibilities for development of plant strains resistant to pests and disease.

In the U.S., population growth is compounded by the squandering of once-abundant resources. American industrial expansion changed the face of a seemingly boundless and amazingly resilient land, creating a prosperity based on yearly model changes, forced obsolescence and throw-away containers. To keep the economy humming, vast tracts of trees have been leveled, wild rivers dammed, mountainsides disemboweled. Waterways, the air and human lungs have been used as sewers. Americans have merrily driven their automobiles, fouling the atmosphere and creating an unseemly urban sprawl while leaving behind decaying central cities. Signs of exhaustion are discernible even in Alaska, the last frontier, where citizens fret about post-pipeline population growth and air pollution. Other parts of the West are plagued by severe water shortages, in Houston the extraction of oil and water has so eroded the ground that flooding occurs at practically the hint of rain. Because of the relentless construction of shopping malls, highways and housing, the U.S. is losing three million acres of farmland a year. And that doesn't include arable tracts lost to erosion and runoff. The disappearance of croplands could reduce the U.S.' food-exporting capacity, further limiting its ability to purchase imported energy—not to mention to feed an increasingly hungry world.

There are no easy solutions to these problems. It now seems laughably ironic that early in this century, fears that city streets would become buried under horse dung prompted many people to innocently welcome the arrival of the automobile as a godsend that would unfoul the air. Similarly, advances in the control of disease, an environmental boon, have had the paradoxical effect of stimulating population growth. Russell E. Train, former administrator of the EPA and now president of the World Wildlife Fund-U.S., notes that decisions on whether to ban carcinogenic pesticides turn on the sort of question that would tax a Solomon: How many bushels of corn are worth how many cases of cancer?

Balancing environmental and economic objectives is tricky. Earlier conservationists compromised to the point of abdication, confining themselves largely to the creation of wilderness preserves. Environmentalists say they continue to exercise restraint. They claim that long before Three Mile Island they could have mounted a solid legal challenge to nuclear-waste-storage practices on the grounds that no impact studies had been made but refrained from doing so for fear of appearing even more obstructionist than they already did.

Not that environmentalists are exactly bashful about making such challenges. Far from being the homogeneous, single-issue bunch it is sometimes depicted to be, the environmental "movement" is, in fact, a vast coalition whose membership shifts from issue to issue, a characteristic that accounts for much of its vociferousness. Thus, an oil company executive who fights environmentalists tooth and nail on the job became an improbable but enthusiastic ally of many of his sometime foes in opposing the construction of an ammonia plant near his California home, a clear case of one's own nest being fouled. Incongruous, too, are the disparate forces battling the Central Arizona Project, a proposed complex of dams intended to bring Colorado River water to Phoenix and Tucson. Besides the Audubon Society and Sierra Club, which are worried about threats to the bald eagle and flooding of natural landscape, the project has been opposed by the Young Americans for Freedom, a right-wing group that objects to Washington's deep involvement, and the Young Republicans, which finds the project fiscally irresponsible.

As these examples indicate, environmentalists of some kind or other can be counted on to challenge practically any undertaking. In Oregon they are fighting the timber companies to save the habitat of the Northern spotted owl. In Texas they are trying to prevent construction of supertanker terminals, which pose the danger of oil spills. In Maine they are challenging the St. Regis Paper Company's pesticide-spraying practices. There is hardly a square foot of California that is not under dispute. Environmentalists in that state are trying to close down nuclear plants, clean up hazardous wastes, protect deserts from recreation vehicles, halt the spread of neon on the shores of Lake Tahoe and limit municipal growth. A decade-long battle between an organization called GOO (Get Oil Out) and offshore oil-drilling interests over petroleum production near Santa Barbara rages on, having already produced 21 public hearings, 50 consultant studies and a dozen lawsuits.

It can be argued that such challenges, numerous though they may be, merely oblige businesses to justify their activities environmentally, an objective that surely seems reasonable enough. Yet Colorado Governor Richard Lamm, whose state is a major battleground in the war between environmentalists and developers, complains that some environmentalists seem to expect to *win* all the challenges, which is an altogether different thing. Lamm is not unsympathetic to environmentalism and as a state legislator raised environmental objections in leading a successful campaign to scratch Denver as the site of the 1976 Winter Olympics. Yet he complains, "Some environmentalists have unreal expectations. They demand total allegiance to their viewpoint. They fail to appreciate that people who build things in this world have done some good, too."

In the face of the current backlash, environmentalists are wisely reexamining some of their tactics. A case in point is their well-publicized protest that Tellico Dam threatened the habitat of the snail darter, a tiny perch entitled to protection under the 1973 Endangered Species Act. Stating the case for such protection, David Brower says, "People say we can survive without the snail darter, and maybe we can. But we can't survive with the mindset that *says* we can. At some point the destruction of other species will result in our own destruction, and the trouble is that nobody knows what that point is." Nevertheless, National Audubon Society Communications Director Dick Beamish allows that defense of the snail darter may have been a public-relations mistake. "Environmentalists have been made to look generally ridiculous because of the snail darter," he says. "There are reasons for opposing the Tellico and other boondoggles apart from obscure, funny-sounding endangered species. We're better off stressing

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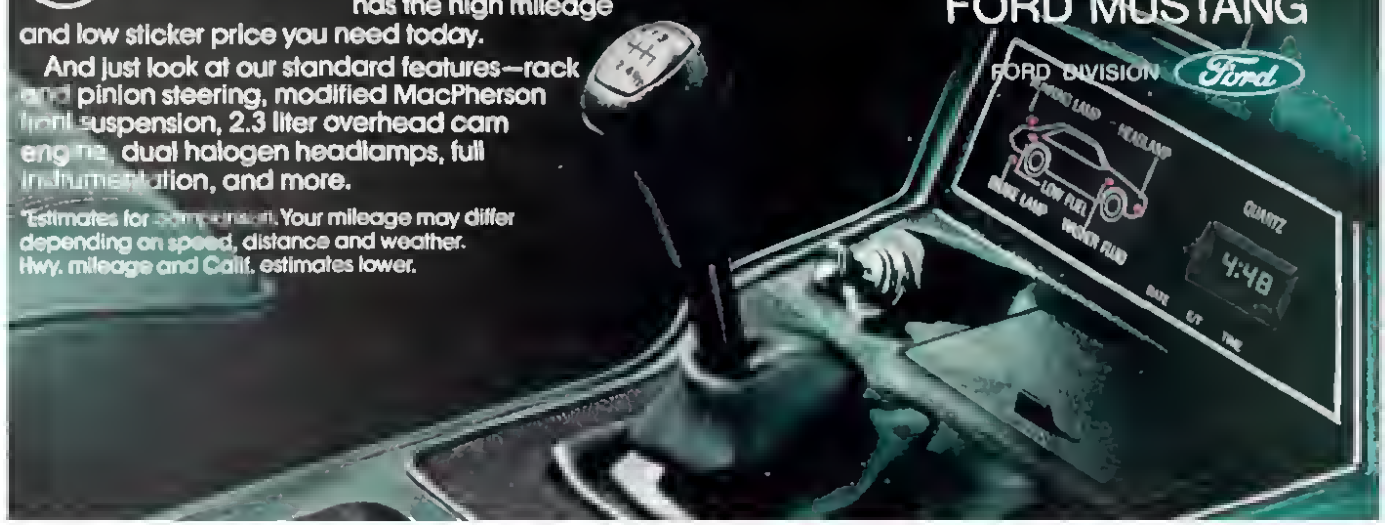
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the economic folly of such projects."

Environmentalists can become more flexible in other ways. Thanks largely to laws passed in the '70s, corporations now invest considerable manpower and money in protecting the environment. These laws have forced some businesses to pare profits, lay off workers and experience costly delays in their plans. On occasion they have forced, or at least hastened, the closing of inefficient plants These environmental constraints may have been justified in some cases, in others not. One wonders, for example, why the Wyoming Environmental Quality Department found it necessary to request that a coal company go to the bother and expense of planting sagebrush on the sites of worked-out strip mines even as federal authorities were spraying large areas of the West to eradicate sagebrush. It is possible to muster a dollop of sympathy even for mighty Standard Oil of California, which spent $61 million last year to comply with environmental laws. Measured against Standard Oil's 1979 sales of $32 billion, this was the equivalent of a $38 outlay by a family earning $20,000, but the company's domestic production subsidiary, Chevron USA, also has to tiptoe through a maze of dozens of everchanging, frequently conflicting federal, state and local pollution standards while, along with the rest of the oil industry, finding environmentalists at every turn blocking its efforts to put up refineries, pipelines and drilling rigs. It is with some justification that Bruce Beyaert, Chevron's manager of environmental affairs, complains, "We're being whipsawed by the environmental extremists."

Some environmentalists concede that their movement must become less strident and less negative, or as Henry Richmond, director of an environmental organization known as 1,000 Friends of Oregon, puts it, "Solution- rather than ambush-oriented." This makes sense not only because of the worsening economy but also because of the changing nature of environmental problems. "Ten years ago the problems were very obvious ones, like dirty air," says Jackson B. Browning, director of health, safety and environmental affairs at Union Carbide. "The problems today are toxins, carcinogens and other things that are more subtle and not as easily measured. And it will cost as much to do the next 5% of the cleanup job as it did for the first 95%. Is it worth it? The relationship between risks and cost is now the crucial issue."

One innovation that may help ease environmental rigidity is the EPA's adoption of a "bubble" approach that allows companies to decide for themselves where and how to reduce air pollution in a plant or area—so long as the total from all sources is within specified limits. Environmentalists can also come up with alternatives to projects they oppose; in Maine environmentalists fighting the proposed Dickey-Lincoln Dam, an Aswan-sized project that would despoil the scenic St. John River, have suggested constructing several smaller dams instead. And wherever possible environmentalists should follow the already growing practice of subjecting projects to strict cost-benefit analyses.

Yet there is such a thing as compromising too much. Useful though cost-benefit studies may be, trying to put a precise dollar value on saving a human life or a wetlands seems as ignoble as it is impossible. The sobering fact is that, like a rich uncle, the environment elicits expressions of deep concern from some of the very people who would hasten its demise. They include businessmen who all too ofteo had to be shamed, pressured and legislated into protecting the environment. They also include plenty of private citizens. Such people seem to consider it perfectly all right to pollute so long as it's done:

1) *A little.* This seems to be the rationale of Californians who rig their cars to avoid burning costlier—but cleaner—unleaded gasoline. It is also the justification for businessmen who insist that environmental hazards posed by their activities are either (the words seldom vary) "insignificant" or "acceptable."

2) *In somebody else's backyard.* Or so say those Westerners who argue that their abundant coal reserves should be mined—provided that they are burned elsewhere. The category also includes industry whose pollution causes acid rain many miles away as well as "midnight movers" who make a practice of dumping toxic wastes into marshes, sewers, creeks and under the nearest highway overpass.

3) *When it is too costly to stop.* This is the battle cry of business leaders who seize every downtick in the Dow Jones Industrials as an excuse to plead for exceptions, delays, waivers or revocation of environmental laws.

It is obvious that if all attempts to avoid environmental constraints succeeded, the cumulative effect would be calamitous. This prospect prompts California Congressman Henry A. Waxman, chairman of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce's Subcommittee on Health and the Environment, to warn that the U.S. "must not be stampeded by a handful of special-interest lobbyists into turning the clock backwards in the fight to protect the environment." What makes Waxman's counsel all the more persuasive is that the supposed economic stakes against which environmental quality is balanced are often illusory. When *Silent Spring* first detailed the ecological damage caused by DDT, the chemical industry played on the tensions of Cold War I by warning that the pesticide was essential lest U.S. farms be outproduced by those in the Soviet Union. DDT was banned—without anything of the kind happening When U.S. Steel announced the full or partial closing of 16 plants last November, Cold War II had not yet begun, but that didn't prevent the company from placing an ample share of the blame on expensive environmental laws. U.S. Steel neglected to mention that those laws were proving costly partly because of its slowness in complying with them. Nor did it mention that the Japanese companies that have outhustled American firms on world steel markets are subject to even more stringent environmental restrictions.

A study by the National Resources Defense Council of one batch of environmental lawsuits reveals that industry brought virtually as many of them as environmentalists did. Indeed, Michael McCloskey, executive director of the Sierra Club, suggests that the true obstructionists are not environmentalists but companies that seek to delay or avoid compliance with the law—and are thus responsible themselves for much of the regulatory confusion they complain about The case of Minnesota's Reserve Mining Company is instructive Pressed for nearly a quarter of a century to stop polluting Lake Superior with ore wastes of a type believed to cause cancer, the company refused, arguing that ceasing the practice would force it to shut its doors. Reserve Mining finally ended the

controversial dumping this March—and remains in business. A lot of costly litigation could have been avoided had it acted years earlier.

Even when environmental laws injure a particular company, or indeed, an entire industry, it doesn't necessarily follow that they harm the U.S. economy as a whole. Consider inflation. President Carter has said that pollution control causes less inflation than commonly supposed—his Council on Environmental Quality has estimated the figure to be, at the very most, 0.4% a year—and results in a net *gain* in employment: jobs created by construction of sewage plants and manufacture of antipollution equipment more than compensated for those lost to environmental crackdowns.

Next, take productivity. Although the higher costs and regulatory paper shuffling caused by environmental laws have in some cases hurt productivity, environmentalists contend that this is offset by productivity gains attributable to those same laws. The idea that protecting the environment can yield benefits was advanced 200 years ago when the Benthamites pointed out that the output of English factories would increase if the cholera and smallpox afflicting workers could be eradicated. Last week the President's Council on Environmental Quality reported that while the cost of complying with federal air-pollution standards in 1978 was an estimated $16 billion, the resulting benefits—in reduced crop damage, savings in industrial cleanup costs and the like—amounted to at least $21.4 billion. And this doesn't consider possible savings in medical expenses, wages lost to illness or the likelihood that if money isn't spent to protect the environment today, far more will have to be spent to save it tomorrow.

Environmentalists maintain that curbing pollution may involve a redistribution of wealth, but not necessarily a reduction in that wealth. It is frequently claimed that economic growth cannot continue indefinitely in a finite world, and this, environmentalists say, is unquestionably true of growth based on waste and go-for-broke production. Growth geared to recycling and maintenance is another matter. As David Brower says, "I'd like to see the auto industry get behind making products last longer, not just keep on producing. And can you imagine the oil companies applying their managerial skills to cleaning up toxic wastes?"

Rechanneling growth into the areas Brower suggests would probably involve adoption of hefty tax incentives and other inducements, a requirement that seems less startling when one remembers that over the years government, in effect, has underwritten pollution by means of generous highway-construction budgets and oil-depletion allowances and by granting tax writeoffs for even the most profligate economic expansion. In some sectors of the economy, such a change would require more regulation, but Gus Speth, chairman of the President's Council on Environmental Quality, says unflinchingly, "That's what regulation is. It slows down certain segments of the economy while speeding up others."

The dream of an environmentally benign economy depends in large measure on how the raging battle over national energy policy is resolved. Given the political and economic realities now confronting them, environmentalists may be deluding themselves when it comes to energy. Barring new technological breakthroughs in developing alternative energy sources or a dramatic reduction in America's traditional high-energy diet, the scramble to replace foreign oil will probably, for the foreseeable future, require tapping virtually all possible domestic sources, including existing nuclear plants and substantial quantities of coal and domestic oil. The nation simply dares not risk running out of the energy needed to provide electricity to cities and to maintain its industrial and military capacity. "It's like Tarzan," says former Oregon Governor Tom McCall. "He better make damn sure that if he lets loose from one branch, he has another to swing to." Yet this need not be an excuse for ignoring environmental considerations; on the contrary, the necessity of using nuclear power is all the more reason to do everything possible to make it safer. Similarly, coal can be produced and burned as cleanly as possible. The same goes for synthetic fuels and oil.

At the same time, the U.S. can turn, wherever possible, to energy alternatives that are *already* safer and cleaner. It is a cliché these days that all energy inevitably involves risk, a truism that obscures the fact that some choices are riskier than others. Just as some environmentalists may overestimate the hazards inherent

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in conventional energy, so the utilities, oil companies and nuclear interests frequently *underestimate* them. An obvious example: the ouclear industry's longstanding assurances that there was no possibility of the kind of frightening accident that subsequently occurred at Three Mile Island. Another: a study by an organization largely financed by the oil industry, the impressively named Gulf Universities Research Consortium, purporting to show that the seepage routinely caused by offshore drilling does no harm to marine life. But a number of prominent marine biologists dispute that conclusion. One of them, Dr. Howard Sanders of the Woods Hole (Mass.) Oceanographic Institute, has painstakingly reviewed the study and found methodological inadequacies, including the fact that the "control site" was itself affected by years of oil drilling. Research by Sanders and other biologists suggests that drilling invariably causes chronic, low-level damage to marine life.

The inescapable fact is this: to the extent that the U.S. seeks to satisfy its energy needs with conventional fuels, the environment will suffer. In the case of domestic oil, reserves are dwindling and further exploration may have dire ecological results. Most remaining onshore oil is heavy crude, extractable only by steam-injection processes that severely pollute the air. And offshore deposits tend to be on the outer continental shelves, a forbidding environment in which drilling is arduous, increasing the chances not only of low-level damage, but also of blowouts. Coal is plentiful, especially in the West, but producing it on the scale foreseen by the President would involve strip-mining some of the country's most breatbtaking landscapes. Burning it would likely increase acid rain and exacerbate the greenhouse effect; it could cast a pall that an alarmed Peter Grove, legislative director of the National Park Service, likens to "pulling a curtain across nature's stage." Synthetic fuel, derived largely from coal and oil shale, is troubling, too. Processing it threatens to turn canyons into rubble, deplete water supplies and leach carcinogens into groundwater. And synfuels would, in most cases, be eveo dirtier to burn than coal. Finally, there is nuclear power, whose potential for devastation, in case of accident, was dramatically underscored at Three Mile Island, and whose increasingly plentiful wastes are difficult, if not impossible, to dispose of safely.

As alternatives to conventional energy, environmentalists generally favor development of renewable sources—wood, wind power, the sun and the animal and vegetable wastes known as biomass. To be sure, renewables can exact a high environmental toll of their owo. The harvesting and burning of wood causes pollution, while the use of grain and other crops to produce automobile fuel can exact enormous social cost by reducing quantities available for food. But because they replenish themselves relatively quickly, as a general rule renewables are environmentally less disruptive than fossils or nuclear power.

Those who beat the drums for conventional energy try to convey the impression that their fortunes are inextricably tied up with the well-being of the U.S. economy. In a recent study of California's energy options, the San Diego Gas and Electric Company warned that heavy reliance on renewables could lead to "social and economic dislocation and disintegration." Washington Governor Dixy Lee Ray, former chairwoman of the Atomic Energy Commission and a staunch nuclear advocate known to political rivals as "Madame Nuke," says, witheringly, that the U.S. doesn't run on "sunshine, sweet breezes, moonbeams and butterfly wings."

But the big energy producers may not be as neatly in lockstep with the economy as they imply. Although both energy consumption and the gross national product have leveled off recently, there may or may not be a cause-and-effect relationship. As environmentalists like to point out, during the five-year period starting in 1973, energy use increased by only 5% a year while the GNP grew, after adjustment for inflation, by 12% a year. And this doesn't consider the economic slack that might have been taken up by large-scale production of solar equipment. Because tbe distribution of renewable energy would generally be less centralized, oil companies aod utilities may well have something to lose by switching to renewables; the U.S. as a whole, environmentalists argue, doesn't.

In fact, environmentalists insist, conventional energy poses very nearly as many ecooomic problems as environmental ones. In the case of domestic oil, the U.S. is putting its faith in a dwin-

dling geologic commodity being sold off in what amounts to a fabulously lucrative liquidation sale. In nuclear power, the country is relying on an energy source that has turned out to be far more expensive than promised, is partly financed by Washington—through subsidies for uranium production and government-approved limits on insurer liability for nuclear accidents—and, in the event of another Three Mile Island, would probably be shut down by public demand, leaving the U.S. in the lurch. With synthetic fuels, the country is gambling on processes that are technologically risky and will require massive government spending. That leaves coal, which is far cheaper to burn than oil but will require, in many cases, the costly conversion of oil-burning plants. To encourage such conversion, the Carter Administration has proposed generous, and possibly inflationary, federal subsidies.

All parties to the energy debate agree that renewables will take on far greater importance during the coming "postpetroleum" age. As John W. Hanley, president and board chairman of Monsanto Company, who is no flower child, notes, "We have tremendous scientific capabilities for developing new energy sources. Windmills for electrical generation and solar energy for heat are both feasible technologies." Indeed, there is already a mini-boom in solar installations for home heating, although nothing seems feasible now for industrial heating.

But the timetable for phasing in renewables is subject to fierce debate. President Carter estimates that renewables, including hydroelectric power, now provide 7% of U.S. energy and says that this figure can reach 20% by 2000. Assuming an increase in existing tax credits for geothermal, wind-driven power and solar-heating systems, and assuming increased conservation, Carter's goal would appear to be attainable.

Environmentalists argue, however, that renewables can satisfy 30% or even more of America's energy needs by 2000. This highly optimistic projection may depend at least partly on a breakthrough in solar energy for producing electricity, which poses a Catch 22 predicament: because its cost is at the moment prohibitive, the government has been reluctant to invest heavily in the development of solar electricity. Yet it is just such government development that might bring down the cost to the point where large-scale solar electricity would be practicable. In the absence of vigorous action by Washington, there are a number of private companies, including Texas Instruments, IBM and Motorola, engaged in solar electricity research. It is possible that one or more of them, spurred by the prospect of a huge payoff, might achieve the necessary breakthrough.

Until then, however, the surest bet for easing both the energy crisis and the strain on the environment remains conservation. It is in recognition of this that the Carter Administration has imposed restrictions on heating and cooling buildings and tougher standards for automobiles. The President also proposed more money for mass transit and pushed for tax credits for the installation of home insulation. But the Administration has been cool to imposing higher gasoline taxes, which could dampen consumption, and both the White House and Congress often seem more interested in increasing production than conservation. "We're into a John Wayne mode," says Massachusetts Senator Paul E. Tsongas. "Decentralized, dull, nitty-gritty programs that will save us a lot of oil are not regarded as dramatic enough."

With the public already reeling because of soaring fuel costs, political opposition to increased gasoline taxes is understandable. But resistance to higher fuel prices, whatever form the increases take, is wishful thinking. Prices have risen largely for the classic reason that conventional energy is scarce, demand high. Although, in truth, environmentalists are not entirely unhappy about this—energy, they feel, should bear a high price because it exacts a high price—efforts to make environmentalists the scapegoats won't alter the unpleasant realities. Neither, for that matter, will efforts to make whipping boys out of the oil companies. What will change the situation is the realization that with Americans comprising 5% of the world's population but consuming 30% of its energy, the country could use far less conventional fuel without appreciably lowering its standard of living. Sweden and West Germany both enjoy standards of living comparable to that of the U.S. while consuming barely half the energy per capita.

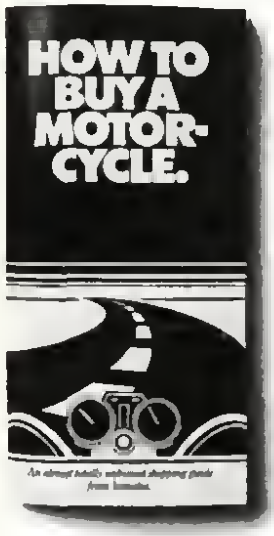
While conservation is often discussed in terms of public "sacrifice," many environmentalists shun the word. They agree with John P. Holdren, professor of energy and resources at the University of California and a strong advocate of renewable energy, who says, "I'd rather think in terms of 'efficiency' than 'sacrifice.' There are tremendous opportunities for providing the same goods and services while using less energy. For example, it's possible for air conditioners and refrigerators to deliver the same cool for one third of the energy they now use."

Encouragingly, Americans may be more receptive to conservation than their leaders believe, an inclination that could, by itself, assure a more benign energy mix and a cleaner environment. In growing numbers, they are saving fuel by turning off lights, insulating their homes and taking their foot off the gas pedal. Despite continued population growth, demand for electricity has softened to the point that some utilities have scrapped plans both for nuclear and coal-burning plants. Similarly, consumption of all petroleum products in the U.S. declined by 2% in 1979 and of gasoline by even more—5%. So great is the call for fuel-efficient cars that the sagging auto industry is now talking about going beyond federal gas-mileage standards—and hoping for an eventual upsurge in profits in the process. The Sierra Club's McCloskey believes that the impetus to save energy, until now dictated mainly by pocketbook considerations, will grow once people fully grasp that energy conserved is energy not taken out of the hide of the environment. "People don't want to freeze in the dark," McCloskey says ominously. "Well, they don't want to choke on smog, either."

Recent events lend urgency to such forebodings of doom. Three Mile Island. The Gulf of Mexico oil blowout. The evacuation of 250,000 Canadians because of a chlorine spill. Discovery of toxic wastes in the Love Canal in Niagara Falls, N.Y. On top of these incidents, each the most serious of its kind in history, came last September's smog siege in Los Angeles, the city's worst in nearly 25 years. It was a mocking coincidence that even as Earth Day '80 was being observed last week, fires at chemical-storage facilities sent 40 people to hospitals in Elizabeth, N.J.—and for a time menaced part of New York City—and injured 29 people and forced the evacuation of 300 residents of an Indian

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reservation in Fort Hall, Idaho. Such occurrences signal an environment under strain, a situation prompting Governor Lamm, for all his misgivings about environmental intransigence, to warn, "As a society we're careening recklessly into the future. I think we're going to have more Love Canals and more carbon dioxide buildup, and I'm afraid there will be famine in India. When the history of these times is written, I believe the environmentalists will be shown to have raised the right issues."

It is the very nature of the environmentalists' struggles that while most of their victories are temporary, their defeats—and there have been enough of these lately—are often permanent. Bucking the momentum of two centuries of industrial expansion, they needed what amounted to a revolution just to slow environmental degradation, and now even that revolution appears to be stalling. The achievements of the Environmental Decade, which occurred because people became justifiably alarmed about pollution, are being treated as a luxury that can be cast aside when times get tough.

Even in the hardest times, however, industrial society must heed the warning of the 16th-century philosopher-scientist Francis Bacon that "We cannot command nature except by obeying her." Otherwise, for the sake of immediate economic gain for some, all will suffer in the long run. If environmentalists are obliged to accommodate themselves more to economic and energy interests, it is equally essential that those interests, like it or not, submit to the demands of the environment. The fact that environmental problems happen to be increasingly complex is an argument for more, not less, vigilance.

If only for the sake of their peace of mind, environmentalists seem to be able to remain upbeat even while forecasting the apocalypse. Accordingly, they promise not to rest on their oars. As McCloskey says, almost jauntily, "Things aren't going well for us right now, but the environmental movement has proved it has staying power. Every year people say we're dead or on the run. But most of what we accomplished during the '70s has become institutionalized. Those things are pretty well cast in concrete."

Unless he is right, nature will have more reason than ever to revolt offended at the ways of men. END

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PERSPECTIVE

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

OLD AND UNIMPROVED AS THEY MAY BE, SPLIT-CANE FLY RODS CAN'T BE BEAT

Choosing equipment, caring for it, sometimes repairing it, are necessary and enjoyable aspects of most sports. I speak with some authority on this, for my small house is crammed with sporting equipment. There are only four of us, but our tastes are eclectic. The collection includes golf clubs, cross-country skis, boots and poles, tennis rackets, hiking boots, rubber rafts, swim fins and diving masks, backpacks, barbells, running shoes, saddles, bridles and riding boots, basketballs, footballs, gloves, bats and baseballs, soccer balls, a couple of Frisbees and a vast amount of fishing gear—rods and reels, waders, boots, vests, spools of leader material and dozens of boxes of flies.

I consider the many hours I pass cleaning, sorting and repairing this equipment time well spent. I'm attached to it all. But if for some reason I were forced to choose a single item out of my sports collection, if everything but one piece of equipment had to be sacrificed, I wouldn't hesitate. I would salvage my split-cane fly rod. I value it over all the rest.

Most sports, including fly-fishing, have surrendered to technology. Nylon and plastic have replaced leather. Metal, fiber glass and graphite are used instead of wood. The new materials are lighter, stronger and more durable, so most of the changes make sense.

Fly-fishing, though, is a sport richer than most in tradition. The first record of it goes all the way back to Aelian's *De Natura Animalium*, written in the third century A.D. The split-cane fly rod, perhaps the most notable modern refinement to the ancient art or craft of fly-fishing, has been contributing to the sorry entertainment of fish and the satisfaction of anglers for about 150 years. Such a rod is constructed of six tapered strips of bamboo that are glued and bound together. Thus, with the eliminaton of the bamboo's hollow center, the cane's full strength is realized. The rod builder must cut his splines of bamboo within a tolerance of less than 1/50,000 of an inch, and he must take care that the taper of the rod from the butt to the tip produces a suitable casting action.

The first cane rods, constructed of only three strips, are believed to have been made in England between 1830 and 1840, while the first of six-strip construction was built by an American, Samuel Phillippe of Easton, Pa., in 1846. These rods replaced models made of such woods as hickory, bethabara and lancewood and were a vast improvement over them. They stayed in vogue for about a century. Through the first half of the 20th century, rods of steel and various alloys were marketed, but none proved satisfactory. Then, in 1948, Dr. A. M. Howard invented the fiber-glass rod. Soon, acceptable models were being mass-produced cheaply, and split-cane rods all but disappeared, along with the artisans who made them. Within the last decade graphite has come along to do to fiber glass what fiber glass did to cane.

Yet a few purists and traditionalists persist. Perhaps there are a dozen men alive who are capable of producing fine split-cane rods, and a few thousand fishermen who want to use them and are willing to pay the price—which can range from a couple of hundred to more than a thousand dollars.

Most of the anglers who prefer split cane are motivated partly by the tradition of the sport, but they are also of the opinion that, contrary to popular belief, a good cane rod still casts better than anything else. I think they're right.

Fiber glass and especially graphite may cast farther, but they don't cast as well. Most fly-fishermen I see today are like most golfers. The typical golfer would score better hitting a three-wood off the tee, but he is determined to drive the ball 250 yards and is happy when, once or twice a month, he manages to do it. After his 250-yard drive, his seven-iron shot will find the rough, to be followed by a chip into a trap, two tries to get out of the bunker and onto the green and three putts from 20 feet for an eight on the hole. But the golfer will brag about that drive until he hits an even longer one.

Well, most fishermen want the long cast, and so an inordinate amount of the fly tackle sold these days is designed more for that than for fishing. Shooting head and forward taper lines—lines with all the weight out front—are certainly made for long casts. The currently popular graphite rods are designed to throw these heavy lines as far as possible. Yet nearly any expert fly-fisherman—even out West where many rivers are deep and wide—will tell you that he never casts any farther than he has to and that it is rarely necessary to cast more than 50 or 60 feet. It is the well-placed cast, the carefully presented fly, that catches a fish. Apparently, most everyone would rather cast 100 feet than catch a trout.

Even if catching fish were not the central issue—*especially* if it weren't—I would still prefer my split-cane rod to fiber glass or graphite. It is fairly long and heavy—9 feet, 5¼ ounces—and handles a No. 8 double taper line perfectly. Its casting action is relatively slow, which means that the pause between back cast and forward cast is more pronounced than it is with a synthetic rod. In fishing jargon, a cane rod isn't forgiving. If you can't time your casts, if you don't have the proper motion and rhythm, the rod will let you know it. It won't perform. But if you take the time to learn to use it, a cane rod will give you a straight, smooth, accurate cast, one that simply feels much better than a cast that you might make with anything else.

A cane rod is great to look at, too. Mine is 50 years old. I'm its third owner, and I know that all of us have fished hard with it. Those 5¼ ounces of cane have accounted for two or three tons of fish—most of them landed and released, I should add. In the eight years I've had it, I've caught salmon, trout and steelhead that ranged in length from six inches to more than three feet, but my rod shows not a sign of wear. It is as straight now as it ever was. To assure that it stays that way, I turn the rod upside down when I play a large fish, to reverse the stresses in the wood. My fly lines are always well greased to reduce friction and wear through the guides. I had to replace the tip-top a couple of years ago, but otherwise the rod is just as it was when it was made—the cork grip, the reel seat, the ferrules and guides, the golden windings covered by a varnish finish that is satin smooth.

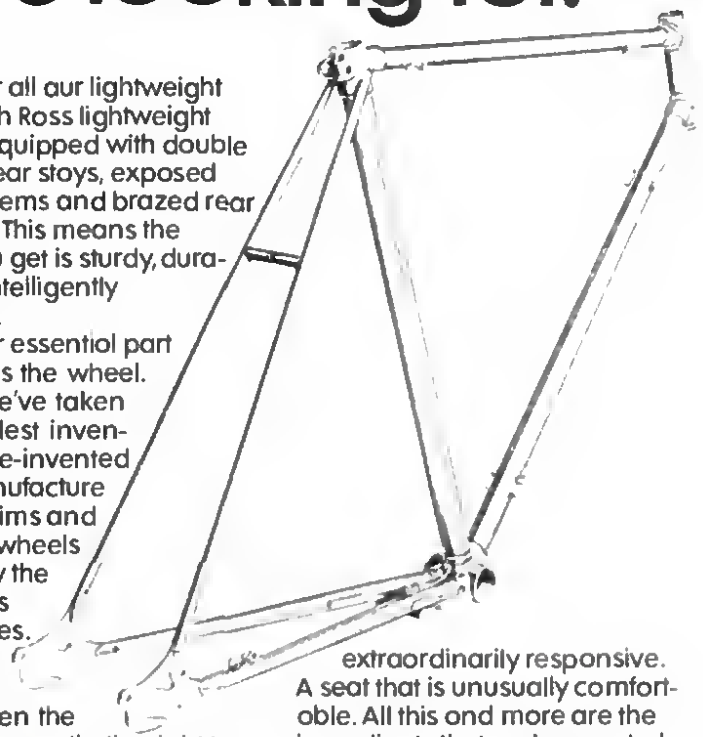
If need be, I can live happily in a world cluttered with metal tennis rackets, graphite drivers, nylon running shoes, aluminum baseball bats and fiber-glass skis. But I hope it's a world with room for a few fine split-cane rods. New isn't necessarily improved. END

What to look for in a bicycle when you don't know what you're looking for.

Contrary to popular belief all bicycles are not created equal. Oh they may all look olike, but when it comes to bicycles looks can be deceiving. So before you get on o bike you should know what goes into one.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 21–27

Compiled by ROGER JACKSON

PRO BASKETBALL—In the NBA's Western Conference best-of-seven final, Los Angeles took a 3–1 lead over the defending champion SuperSonics with a 98–93 Game 4 win in Seattle. In the Eastern Conference, underdog Philadelphia defeated Boston 105–94 in Game 5 to win that series 4–1 *(page 16)*

BOWLING—PAT COSTELLO defeated Shinobu Saitoh 223–199 to win the $50,000 Women's U.S. Open in Rockford, Ill.

BOXING—ALEXIS ARGUELLO successfully defended his WBC super featherweight title for the eighth time with a fourth-round TKO of Rolando Navarrete, in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

EQUESTRIAN—CONRAD HOMFELD of Petersburg, Va., riding the 15-year-old gelding Balbuco, won the World Cup Grand Prix jumping championship in Baltimore. He finished the 28-rider, three-day event with 47½ points, three more than runner-up Melanie Smith of Germantown, Tenn. *(page 44)*

GOLF—TOM WATSON shot a 72-hole total of 273, 15 under par, to win his second straight tournament, the $250,000 Greater New Orleans Open, by two strokes over Lee Trevino.

TOMMY BOLT and ART WALL JR. shot a 23-under-par 187 to defeat Sam Snead and Don January by two strokes and win the $400,000 Legends of Golf championship near Austin, Texas *(page 67)*.

BARBARA BARROW shot a final-round five-under-par 67 for a 54-hole total of 210 to win the $100,000 LPGA Birmingham Classic by a stroke over Beth Daniel.

HOCKEY—The Philadelphia Flyers, New York Islanders and Minnesota North Stars join the Buffalo Sabres in the semifinal round of the Stanley Cup playoffs. The Flyers defeated the Rangers 3–1 in Game 5 of their best-of-seven quarterfinal to eliminate New York 4–1, after the Rangers had managed to salvage one game in the series, a 4–2 victory in which Ron Duguay scored three goals. The Islanders also dispatched Boston in five games, beating the Bruins 4–2 in the clincher after Boston had defeated them 4–3 in overtime in Game 4. In Montreal, the North Stars beat the Canadiens 3–2 to win its quarterfinal series 4–3 *(page 22)*.

HORSE RACING—ROCKHILL NATIVE ($31), ridden by Johnny Oldham, won the $128,050 Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland by two lengths over Super Moment. The 3-year-old gelding covered the nine furlongs in 1:50 *(page 24)*.

JAKLIN KLUGMAN ($2.80), Darrel McHargue up, won the $20,000 Stepping Stone Purse at Churchill Downs by four lengths over Execution's Reason. The 3-year-old colt was timed in 1:38⅘ for the mile.

MOTOR SPORTS—DARRELL WALTRIP, averaging 69.049 mph in his Chevrolet, overcame a two-lap penalty for a tire infraction to win the $140,000 Virginia 500 NASCAR race in Martinsville, Va., by nine seconds over Benny Parsons, in a Chevrolet.

SOCCER—NASL: Fort Lauderdale won a pair of games and extended its lead in the American Soccer Conference East to 22 points over Tampa Bay. The Strikers beat California 3–2, with Ray Hudson getting the winning goal at 64:27 on an assist from Teofilo Cubillas. And Hudson, the league's leading scorer (18 points), had the deciding goal in the Strikers' 1–0 win over San Diego. California also dropped a 3–2 decision to Seattle in Anaheim. But Sounder Goalkeeper Jack Brand saw his streak of four consecutive shutouts, one short of the league record, come to an end when the Surfs' Laurie Abrahams scored at 6:23. Despite the loss, California remained first, by six points over San Diego, in the ASC West. ASC Central leader Memphis defeated Atlanta 4–3. Paul Child, who had two goals for the Rogues, became the third player in league history to score 200 or more points in his career. The lethergic Cosmos split two games and maintained their lead in the National Conference East. With Giorgio Chinaglia scoring a pair of goals and Mark Liveric and Juho Romero getting one each, the Cosmos were impressive in a 4–2 victory over Tampa Bay in the Meadowlands. But before 30,822 fans in Tulsa, Billy Caskey scored at 78:28 to lead the Roughnecks to a bruising 2–1 victory over the Cosmos. Fifty-nine penalties—36 of them against Tulsa—were whistled in the match. Winless Rochester lost two shutouts, 2–0 to Tampa Bay and 3–0 to Toronto, running its total of goalless minutes to 270. Philadelphia's and Minnesota's losing streaks reached four. The Fury fell 2–0 to Dallas, while the Kicks, who have yet to play a home game, lost by the same score in Chicago. Washington got two goals from Alan Green and a score and two assists from Joe Horvath to beat Dallas 4–2, but the Tornado clung to its one-point lead over Tulsa in the NSC Central. Portland beat Detroit 2–1 on Dale Mitchell's goal at 69:04, and Los Angeles defeated Vancouver 2–1. Forward Luis Fernando, in his second game with the Aztecs since being acquired from Brazil's America de Rio Preto, scored both L.A. goals.

ASL: California, held scoreless while losing its first two games of the season, recovered to win a pair on the road. The Sunshine, the 1979 Western Division champion, defeated Golden Gate 2–1 on goals by Frank Towers and Pat Renkert. Towers' goal at 53:00 snapped a 233-minute California scoreless stretch. Towers had two more scores, and Andy Chapman and Poli Garcia had one each as California beat defending league champion Sacramento 4–1. Pennsylvania spoiled the debut of the Miami Americans, formerly of New Jersey, winning 1–0 on a goal by Roman Urbanczuk with three minutes left in the second overtime.

TENNIS—BJORN BORG defeated Harold Solomon 6–3, 6–1 to win the $300,000 Grand Prix of Tennis tournament in Las Vegas.

WEIGHTLIFTING—Flyweight ALEKSANDR VORONIN of the Soviet Union established a world record at the European Championship in Belgrade by snatching 248 pounds, one more than the mark held by Wu Shu Teh of the People's Republic of China.

MILEPOSTS—SIGNED: By the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League, Wide Receiver FRED BILETNIKOFF, 37. In 14 seasons (1965-78) with the Oakland Raiders, Biletnikoff established career team records for receptions (589), total yardage (8,974) and touchdowns (76). He is the fourth leading receiver in National Football League history.

DIED: JOE PAGE, 62, a fastballing lefthanded pitcher who was one of baseball's most famous relief specialists, of heart failure, in Ligonier, Pa. Page had a 57–49 record and 3.53 ERA in eight seasons with the New York Yankees and Pittsburgh Pirates, but it was with the Yankees that Page made his mark. From 1944 to 1950 he appeared in 285 games for New York, won 57 and saved 76 others.

CREDITS

4—Heinz Kluetmeier. 16, 17—Georges Tedemann. 18, 19—John Iacono. 20—Peter Read Miller. 21—Richard Mackson. 24—Dan Bellotti. 25—Dan Bellotti (top), Barton Silverman. 26—Bill Luster (top), Dan Bellotti. 33-35—Walter Iooss Jr. 36—Dick Raphael. 44—Enrico Ferorelli. 60—Draw Lawton Atlanta (left), Robert Hagedohm (center), Masachika Suhara. 63—Mark Pattstein (left), Grant Haller (center), Robert Hagedohm. 81, 82—Heinz Kluetmeier. 87—Shelly Katz Black Star. 88—Manny Millan. 90—Joel Richardson The Washington Post (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD



JEANETTE KELLY
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Jeanette, 16, a junior at Dunbar High, finished first in the 13-19 age group in a 10-kilometer road race in Baltimore with a time of 38:38. She holds the D.C. public high girls' indoor and outdoor records in the half mile, mile and two mile.



KEITH GRETZKY
BRANTFORD, ONTARIO

Keith, 13, whose 19-year-old brother Wayne plays for the Edmonton Oilers, scored 91 goals and 63 assists in 64 games this season for the Turkstra Lumber Kings. Last season he scored 115 goals, compared to Wayne's 105 at the same age.



THADEUS STROBACH
ST. LOUIS

Strobach, 39, the girls basketball coach at Visitation Academy, guided the Vivettes to Missouri AA championships in 1978 and 79 and the State AAA title this season. In four years at Visitation, he has had a 109–10 record.



TIM GLASSER
ASHLAND, OHIO

Glasser, a senior at Kenyon College, led the Lords to the NCAA Division III swimming title by winning the 100- and 200-yard butterfly (50.89 and 1:52.99) and the 500 freestyle (4:38.92). He also anchored the victorious 800 freestyle relay.



TRACY SPENCE
AZTEC, N. MEX.

Tracy, a fourth-grader at Park Avenue Elementary, broke her own state 9-and-under age group records in winning three events at the AAU Region X track meet. She long-jumped 12′ 8″, high-jumped four feet and ran 60 meters in 9.05.



DAVE KUFELD
GREAT NECK, N.Y.

Dave, a 6′ 8″ senior center at New York City's Yeshiva University, won his second consecutive NCAA Division III rebounding title with a 17.6 average. A division All-America, he was the Jewish Player of the Year in 1978-79 and 1979-80.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE MOSCOW GAMES (CONT.)

Sir

It will take time to establish who in fact will be hurt more by the U.S. Olympic boycott—the Soviet government or the American athletes (*The Decision: No Go on Moscow*, April 21). Perhaps a demonstration of the kind Tommie Smith and John Carlos put on at Mexico City would have a more pronounced effect. But then our athletes would be entangling politics with sport, the very thing that the Soviets and President Carter are accused of doing.

Our athletes are just as patriotic as any other Americans. They value the freedom of sport that we enjoy in this country. What makes it so difficult for them to comply with the President's wishes is the manner in which he acted. Coming out of left field, wielding all the power and authority of the U.S. Presidency, Jimmy Carter in effect jabbed his finger into the chest of every prospective Olympian and said, "You will *not* participate in the Summer Games." That method may work well in Cuba and East Germany, but it would infuriate me if I were an athlete.

MARK MCWILLIAMS
South Charleston, W. Va.

Sir

What great news that our athletes will not compete in Moscow! In 1937 or '38, in a small theater in a German-American neighborhood on the North Side of Chicago, I saw what was advertised as the "official" movie of the 1936 Berlin Games. Take it from me, Jesse Owens didn't win anything in those Olympics, according to that film. A German won the 100 meters. The movie didn't lie. It just did not say that what the German won was a preliminary heat, nor did it follow up with footage of the final and Owens' victory. It lingered on any successes that the German athletes had and focused sharply on those occasions when Hitler presented a medal to one of his countrymen.

Even with live TV coverage, Soviet propagandists could do the same thing. Manipulated facts could be presented to the millions of people whom TV does not reach.

DON PETERSEN
Palatka, Fla.

CHUMPS AND CHAMPS

Sir

Your SCORECARD item (April 21) on Detroit's teams really hit the nail on the head! It is amazing that fans—myself included on a few occasions—continue to turn out as they do. Here's hoping things will take a turn for the better, as the situation can't get much worse. Or can it? Looking at the sports page as I write this, I see the Tigers are 1–5 and in last place. As the Academy Award-winning song says, "It goes like it goes."

TIMOTHY B. COYNE
Warren, Mich.

Sir

Your SCORECARD item on Detroit's cellar dwellers rang true on all points but one. The Detroit Express (NASL) is the best professional team in town, despite being in existence for little more than two years. With a record of 38–32 (24–12 at home) over that span, two playoff appearances and a winning attitude, the Express is building a following (14,695 per game last year). While most Detroiters continue to return to the scene of the losers and cry for winners, a few of us know where to go to see a victory.

CHASE EDMONSON
St. Clair, Mich.

Sir

If one turns one's attention to boxing, Detroit looks more like the city of champions. The Kronk Recreation Center boxers, handled by Emanuel Steward, comprise the best homegrown amateur team of its sort in the country. In the professional ranks, this organization boasts WBA lightweight champion Hilmer Kenty, unbeaten and often-dodged welterweight Thomas Hearns and up-and-coming middleweight Mickey Goodwin. I should also mention that Wayne State University, which is also located in Detroit, recently won its second straight NCAA fencing championship.

JONATHAN J. STERN
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SMARTS

Sir

It was refreshing to read of Ralph Sampson's decision to remain at the University of Virginia for at least one more year, in spite of the megabuck enticement of the Boston Celtics (SCORECARD, April 21). However, it was distressing to read Red Auerbach's sour-grapes statements following Sampson's announcement. Perhaps Sampson bypassed a lucrative contract. Maybe this was the only chance he will have to join the Celtic team. And, heaven forbid, he could suffer an injury that would limit or destroy his future bargaining power.

But is the Celtic organization going to guarantee Sampson employment until he is 65? What happens when his basketball abilities fade, he is cut or relegated to a reserve role, and his salary plummets? What happens if, as an inexperienced youngster in the business world, he mismanages his newfound wealth and ends up broke?

I think the smart man in this conflict is the 19-year-old in Charlottesville.

MARK R. STORM
Lynchburg, Va.

CONNOR'S CLIMB

Sir

Sam Moses' article *Land of the White Wind* (April 14) recounting the ill-prepared and ill-fated attempt to climb the South Face of Aconcagua makes for exciting reading, but it does a disservice to serious mountaineering.

Ed Connor's adventure was fraught with errors of judgment and execution. The party got into trouble even before it departed Southern California when an untried member was selected for the assault on Aconcagua. From there on, the expedition smacked of an amateurism that contributed directly to the loss of the two younger climbers, Guy Andrews and Chuck Bludworth.

This story reminded me of another mountaineering tragedy featured by SI (*72 Hours of Terror*, June 14 and 21, 1965). In that grisly tale, similar errors of judgment resulted in a disaster of similar dimensions, except that the party was larger, rescue was effected in time to save most of them, the mountain—our impressive Grand Teton—was no Aconcagua, and the altitude and orographic elements were not so severe.

There are numerous "successful" climbs in which the planning and performance are far better than in either of these two examples, and most of them involve just as many thrilling episodes. I hope that a future issue of SI will feature a saga of a major mountain ascent wherein there is no postmortem, at least not as a result of ineptitude.

JOHN L. HARPER
Arcata, Calif.

Sir

A beautifully written piece, marred only by the author's idiotic insistence that it was a "successful" climb.

JOHN C. CUEVAS
Seattle

GUN CONTROL

Sir

Esther Michael Baughman (VIEWPOINT, April 7) is dreadfully naive, or he has not researched his subject very well. I refer to his statement, "Not even the staunchest advocates of gun control have ever promoted legislation which would in any way restrict or inhibit America's sportsmen."

That is exactly what some proponents of gun control have done and continue to do. The more candid among them admit that control of handguns is only a first step, that they will not stop until all guns, including those of

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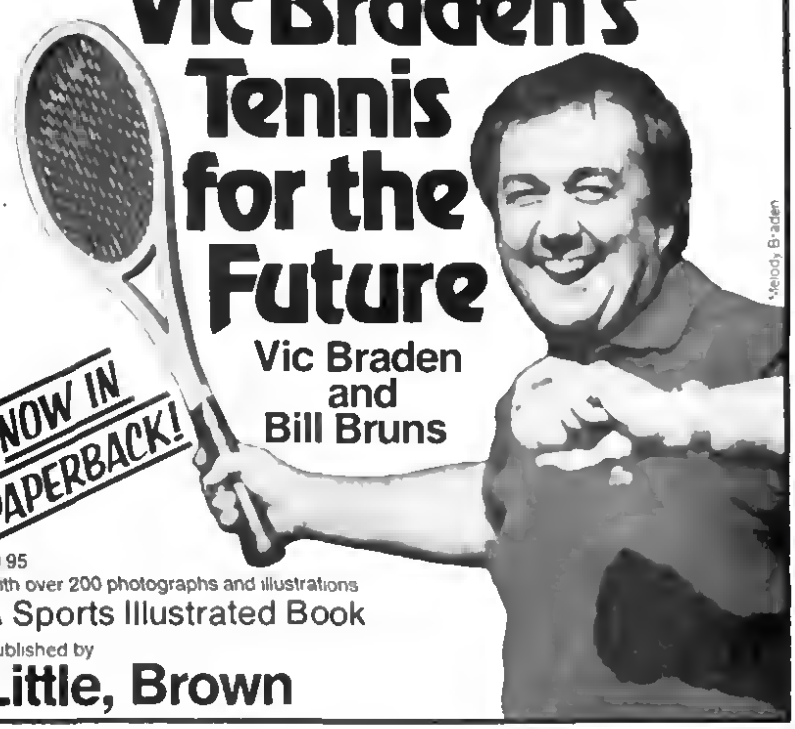
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sportsmen, target shooters, skeet and trap enthusiasts, Olympic rifle and pistol shooters and, yes, even the police, are either banned outright or so severely restricted that few people will be able to use or own them. And the anti-gun forces have been joined by many of the anti-hunting advocates, who see gun control as the best way to impose their views on all of us.

I hope Baughman's son does get to use those shotguns one of these days, but if Baughman keeps up his apologies for anti-gun proponents, his kid had better get his shooting in soon.

DOUG FULTON
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

I object. Michael Baughman cites the opinions of "experts" who claim people who own guns are victims of insecurity, paranoia, impotency and even loneliness. Surely he cannot believe gun owners exhibit these tendencies to a greater degree than non-owners.

I enjoy shooting for the same reason I enjoy bowling and golf, to see how proficient I can become at the sport. There are millions of others like me who shoot for recreation, not because of some unstable psychological condition.

I must also disagree with Baughman's contention that "hunters are America's most responsible group of gun owners." The most responsible gun owners are: first, those who participate in some sort of target shooting sport; second, law enforcement officers; and last, hunters. These are listed in the order of those having the most training, the most practice and the most respect for their weapons.

Baughman's diatribe is a personal affront to all gun owners and has no place in a national sporting publication.

TIMOTHY M. NOYES
Florence, Ky.

Sir:

Is Michael Baughman serious? He says, "Control or no control, my conclusion is that things will go bloodily along as they have."

While I certainly don't believe that gun control will eliminate killings by sick persons, I do believe that it will curtail such acts. There are more than a dozen James McCarters and Marvin Noors out there.

CHARLES WEISMAN
Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

Michael Baughman's VIEWPOINT on gun control should be pursued until there is an irrefutable, universal judgment that there is no valid reason for *anybody* to have firearms.

Abel had a chance against Cain, but with a gun there is no defense for man or beast.

F. P. SHERRY
St. Petersburg, Fla.

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